

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME LXVIII. }

No. 3706 July 17, 1915

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VOL. CCLXXXVI. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET. BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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## THE GODDESS IN THE WOOD.

In a flowered dell the lady Venus  
stood  
Amazed with sorrow. Down the  
morning one  
Far golden horn in the gold of trees  
and sun  
Rang out; and held; and died. . . .  
She thought the wood  
Grew quieter. Wing, and leaf, and  
pool of light  
Forgot to dance. Dumb lay the un-  
falling stream.  
Life one eternal instant rose in  
dream  
Clear out of time, poised on a golden  
height . . .

Till a swift terror broke the abrupt  
hour.  
The gold waves purled amidst the  
green above her;  
And a bird sang. With one sharp-  
taken breath,  
By sunlit branches and unshaken  
flower,  
The immortal limbs flashed to the  
human lover,  
And the immortal eyes, to look on  
death.

*Rupert Brooke.*

## COMFORT.

I could not comfort you a year ago,  
But God since then has let me under-  
stand;  
Now, when I see your tears so often  
flow  
I do not speak, I only take your  
hand,  
And then you know  
I, too, have walked thro' Sorrow's  
weary land.  
  
I could not comfort you altho' I tried,  
Until we met in silence yesterday;  
The curtains of my soul were thrown  
aside,  
You knew, you guess'd, all that I  
long'd to say.  
I could not hide  
The remnants of my own grief quite  
away.

I heard you weep, and, as the darkness  
fell,  
It touch'd the strings of my own  
heart with pain,  
I could not speak, because I knew so  
well  
The thoughts that stirr'd within  
your soul again.  
Time cannot quell  
The yearning for an absent one in  
vain.

God gives me power to comfort you at  
last,  
To calm the bitterness of your  
despair;  
So let your burden now on me be cast,  
For all you feel to-night my heart  
can share.  
*My grief is past*  
In the new joy of having *yours* to  
bear!

*Marjorie Crosbie.*

*The Bookman.*

## THE INWARD CLARION.

When I behold dear youth sent down  
to death;  
And homely cities barbarously sacked;  
Christ's followers here denying what  
He saith,  
Christian in babbled word, heathen in  
act;  
Nations all bloody from fraternal  
strife;  
And beauty powerless as a broken  
wing;  
Then I despair of faith and art and  
life—  
Until I hear this inward clarion ring:  
"Rate not too richly peace and happi-  
ness,  
Sorrow and war have each their lively  
sap,  
Eternal truth unfoiled by tempora-  
stress,  
Immortal being unharmed by mortal  
hap."  
Then do I know that nothing can  
work wrong  
To men or man, nor vex them over-  
long.

*Wallace Bertram Nichols.*

*The Poetry Review.*

## THE RESILIENCY OF RUSSIA.

It is no more than natural that here in England and throughout the Empire general attention should be centred in the Western rather than in the Eastern Theatre of the War, for it is in Flanders and in France that by far the largest numbers of British soldiers are engaged, and therefore our interest in everything taking place in that field is at once intense and intimate. Since Turkey joined forces with the Germanic Powers British troops have indeed taken part in the Eastern side of operations—in the region of the Persian Gulf, in Egypt, and in European Turkey, and our concern in all that has occurred or is occurring in these areas has the same eager and deeply personal character; but with the exception of a struggle for the possession of the Dardanelles these campaigns have at most little direct bearing on what is usually termed the Eastern Theatre, an expression which connotes the gigantic contest between the Russians on the one hand and the Austro-Germans on the other. To say truth, the vast majority among us have found it decidedly difficult to follow and understand the colossal conflict along this immense front, which extends to something practically not far short of a thousand miles, or, to put it in another way, is about half as long again as the line held by the Allies in the Western Theatre. Our chief sources of information have been the official Russian *communiqués*, which have been published sufficiently frequently if sometimes they have been somewhat limited as to the amount of information conveyed; but they have often contained place-names that, apparently uncouth in themselves, almost impossible of pronounciation by us, and not easy to find even on the best maps, have had a most baulking effect, par-

ticularly when several of these intimating words have been strung together, as has repeatedly been the case, in one dauntingly formidable combination. And it must be added that before the War began the British, as a rule, were very ignorant about Russia in spite of the marked development of her industrial life and her splendid contributions to literature and music, any real knowledge being confined to a few who had acquired it for special reasons. Notwithstanding that the Entente had existed for several years, the fact is that to the bulk of our people Russia was as foreign a country as any in the world, and that we should fight with, instead of against, her among the strangest of strange things. At the outset current notions of her strength as a military Power were extremely vague, and were colored somberly by recollections of the unfortunate issue of her war with Japan. In brief, Russia was to an extraordinary extent an unknown quantity in almost every respect to most of our population. The first weeks of the tremendous struggle, however, did not pass without bringing about a curious, not to say fatuous, spirit of optimism as to the enormous influence she would immediately exert on the course of the whole vast conflict.

Now that we are realizing, albeit with exceeding slowness of comprehension, the resources, skill, unscrupulousness, and determination of Germany, that optimism, which was not unshared by any class in the community, seems well-nigh incredible. But the rapid, unexpected, and remarkable success of Russia's first invasion of East Prussia, as the result of which nearly all that province, so dear to the heart of the Kaiser and his Junkers, was conquered and occupied by the Russians within

about a fortnight last August, created the profoundest impression in this country. Although the astounding progress of the Germans in Belgium and France, which took place during much the same short space of time, was of far more vital importance, it was thought and said in not a few quarters in England that owing to the surpassing power and might of our Eastern Ally the War would be brought to a triumphant conclusion far sooner than anyone in his most sanguine moments had ventured to anticipate. The prodigious numbers of Russia's actual and potential fighting men were placed in the foreground of every forecast of what soon was about to happen; she was invariably likened to a gigantic steam-roller moving forward with irresistible mass and momentum to crush out of existence everything that stood in the path of its onward sweep; and frequent references were made with obvious satisfaction to the statement of the German Chancellor that she possessed an inexhaustible supply of men as confirmatory of this all too pleasing view. To many the road to Berlin appeared to be open and easy and inviting, and that city itself only a few days' march away. In a word, hope swelled high. The great War was to be a short war. Nor was this quite illusory optimism readily dispelled. When at the beginning of September German official messages announced that the Russians had suffered a disastrous reverse, involving the loss of some 70,000 effectives, at Tannenberg, in East Prussia, and had been compelled in consequence to abandon the vanquished territory and beat a hasty retreat to and well within their own borders, the news was scarcely credited, though the silence of Russia that suddenly dropped like a veil on the subject was significant. Further, this information, suspect because of its origin and therefore belittled, was in

any case more than counterbalanced at the moment by authentic reports of the genuinely magnificent victory which the Russians achieved at Lemberg, in Galicia, on or about the same date. A few weeks later the Germans, who, in their repulse from East Prussia of its invaders, had advanced to the line of the Russian defences on the Niemen, were themselves in retreat, being thrown back in their turn to and beyond their frontier. But meanwhile the truth with respect to the fate of that first Russian incursion had gradually become known, and as the German claims proved to be justified, there were to be noted in our midst indications of a feeling that Russia had disappointed expectations, and of a tendency to under-estimate what she had done; in some instances, just as an exaggerated value had been attached to the Russian success, so an equally disproportionate importance was attributed to the Russian failure.

The same may be said with regard to the other operations of Russia in the Eastern Theatre. While the Russians in the first half of October were thrusting back the Germans from Russian territory in the north and thereafter reoccupying portions of East Prussia, they were also engaged in the infinitely more formidable effort in the south of checking and then of repelling the advance of large Austro-German armies which had marched across the great plain of Poland that is encircled by the Vistula, and had approached to within a very few miles of Warsaw and, higher up the river, of Iwangorod. But prior to this Germanic invasion of Poland the Russians had driven the Austrians out of nearly the whole of Galicia, and had appeared to threaten Cracow so pressing that our optimists asserted that its fall was imminent, the vastly important strategic position of the fortress-city, as the "gate" to Vienna on one side and to Berlin on



the other, supplying themes for numerous disquisitions of a congratulatory character. Nor did these seem so much amiss at the time, for the Austrians had endured what looked like such unmitigated and almost immitigable disaster that the speedy dissolution of their "ramshackle Empire" was predicted with considerable confidence, which was increased, moreover, by a Russian raid into Hungary. Hope again swelled high. The steam-roller was working magnificently! The end of the War could not, after all, be so very far away! Tannenberg was forgotten. Then had come the Austro-German counter-stroke (October), and, to the dismay of those who had held these opinions, the Russians, after offering comparatively little resistance to this new hostile advance, retired in Poland to the Vistula and in Galicia to the San. While the most was made of the fact that they still maintained a firm hold of a great part of Galicia, there was no disputing what also was the fact, that their menace to Cracow had passed, at least for the time, and some fears found utterance that Warsaw itself might fall into the hands of the enemy. Again there were signs among us of the feeling that Russia was a disappointment. The steam-roller theory went to a heavy discount, so to speak, in the market, and something not far removed from pessimism took the place of the old optimism. There was a wonderful rebound, a marvellous change to the latter, when the fourth week of October beheld another swing of the mighty see-saw in the Eastern Theatre in the defeat of the Austro-Germans, followed by their retreat from Warsaw and their positions farther south. This time the victorious Russians raided into Posen, and not long afterwards reached in some force to within four or five miles of Cracow. The figure of the steam-roller was revived and, as it were,

decked out afresh; it seemed an excellent simile, for the Russians had done great things in Poland, while, to quote from a speech made by Lord Kitchener in the Lords in January, "in Galicia at the end of November Cracow was being bombarded, and the Russian advanced forces had penetrated nearly to the plains of Hungary."

In spite of previous disappointments, expectancy as to Russia's decisive and speedy effect on the whole course of the War ran as high as or higher than before. By winning the battle of Ypres the Allies in the Western Theatre had in the meantime stayed the advance of the Germans, and had kept them from Calais and the "coast." It was known that the enemy had suffered severely in that desperate adventure, and the swelling hope was that while he was held up in Flanders and in France he would be pounded to pieces, or, to continue the metaphor which had come into popularity again, rolled out flat in the Eastern Theatre; yet even then the see-saw in that field was swinging, unfortunately, in a direction that completely falsified this fond and flattering anticipation. For days obscurity hung over the new German offensive which began about the 12th of November from the frontier between the Warta and the Vistula; but presently it became manifest that this movement and others in support of it were being pressed on in great force, with immense energy, high military skill, and no small success, disclosing as they proceeded a second attempt on Warsaw, but much more formidable than the first had been, and compelling the Russians, though they fought with their accustomed "stubbornness," to retreat well into Poland. Next followed the series of bitter and sanguinary conflicts in December, of which Lodz and Lowicz were the centres, and the retirement of the Russians from both.

The occupation of each of these towns by the Germans was acclaimed as a great victory for them; after Lowicz the two Kaisers exchanged telegrams of congratulation; General von Mackensen, who, under Marshal von Hindenburg, had been in chief command, was promoted and decorated; and Berlin and other cities of the Vaterland made themselves gay with banners and flags. Russian official communications, however, placed these "victories" in a decidedly different light. It was explained that by the direction of the Grand Duke Nicholas the positions had been evacuated for strategical reasons, and that he was taking up a better line. But as it was apparent that the net result was that the enemy had progressed farther towards Warsaw, his objective, fears were once more expressed in England that the Polish capital might be captured, and there was a return of depression observable—a depression which was not lessened when, under pressure of the attack on Warsaw and of large Austro-German armies in the south, the Russians in West Galicia retired from Cracow to the Dunajec, some forty miles away, and were forced out of some of their positions in the Carpathians which they had won earlier in the long and terrible struggle for the possession of the passes across the mountains. Yet the front, west and south, occupied by the Russians on the opening day of this year, after five months of fighting that was often desperate and always hard, was not unfavorable, nor would it have been thought unfavorable if the estimates formed in the first weeks of the War of the power of the steam-roller had not been excessive and misleading. The Russian line started in the west on enemy soil in East Prussia, lay close to the German frontier in the region north of the Lower Vistula, in the great plain of Poland within the Vistula was more than thirty miles

west of Warsaw and stretched southwards almost straight to the mouth of the Nida, a northern affluent of the Upper Vistula, while across that part of the mighty river it ran along a southern tributary, the Dunajec, up into the ranges of the Western Carpathians, and again on enemy soil. On the south it passed eastwards among the mountains, practically all Galicia and a considerable part of the Bukovina, both of which had been Austrian territory, lying behind it. As a matter of simple fact, Russia had done very well indeed; during these five months she had gained victories and sustained defeats; but if she had not crushed the enemy everywhere, as had been predicted by our optimists, the balance was certainly on her side.

January began with a brilliant success for Russia, which, though it was not won in the Eastern Theatre, and had not been so much as thought of by us in England, was none the less splendidly typical of what the Russian arms were able to achieve even in the most forbidding circumstances. This was the *débâcle* of the Turks which she brought about in the Caucasus by as fine qualities of soldiership, in the face of exceptional difficulties, as the world has ever seen. The Caucasus, of course, was but a very secondary war area, and general attention was soon again concentrated on the scene of the main operations undertaken by the Germans against the Russians, because of the prodigious and persistent efforts of the enemy to break the lines of our Ally and capture Warsaw. Often rising to a pitch of ferocity and desperation, these attacks were incessant all through January and on into the first week of February, and it was from no lack of courage or determination, of men or guns, that the Germans did not prevail. But all their assaults were barren of result, the Russians stood firm, and Warsaw did not fall.

Farther south in Poland the enemy, whether German or Austro-German, was equally unable to break the Russian front, the magnificent resistance of the soldiers of the Czar holding and then repelling him at every point. The offensive of von Hindenburg, tremendous, well-directed, and victorious as it had been for a time, ended in failure. And it was a costly failure, the loss of the Germans alone in Poland being placed by competent authorities at upwards of a quarter of a million of men. On the other hand, the splendid defence of Warsaw revived confidence in the staying powers of Russia. While the Russians were keeping in check the Germans in Poland they were constantly and strenuously engaged on their southern front, in Galicia, with the Austro-Germans, who were prosecuting with all the strength they could put into it at the time the new offensive which they had started in the middle of December. And here, in and about the snow-clad mountains, almost daily the red tide ebbed and flowed, the Russians retiring or advancing according as they withdrew before or drove back the hostile forces arrayed against them.

The checking by our Ally of the Germans in Poland, his continued occupation of some of the passes of the Carpathians with the possession of most of the country north of the chain, and his swift overrunning of the Bukovina during this same month of January, coupled with the prospect of the immediate intervention of Rumania on behalf of the Entente Powers, once more raised great expectations of some decisive success in the Eastern Theatre, which, as subsequent developments showed, were no more destined to be realized than the others that had been cherished before. Larger reinforcements were thrown into the southern field by the enemy; the Russians, who had not been in a position to retrieve

the ground they had lost near Cracow, now yielded a slice of territory in Eastern Galicia and had to abandon the Bukovina. It was plain, in fact, that they were being seriously pressed on their whole long southern front. And it was at this juncture—that is, in the first and second weeks of February—that the startling news was published that they were being as seriously pressed in East Prussia, and were again being forced to retire from that province. Exultant reports from Berlin of a sweeping German victory in Masurenland, which was declared to have resulted in the annihilation of the Russian Tenth Army, recalled painfully the disaster that had overtaken our Ally in the same region six months previously, and caused, it would be absurd to deny, much disappointment and no small anxiety in both England and France. German newspapers openly jeered at the "poor old steam-roller," as they phrased it. The steam-roller! The Petrograd correspondent of a French journal gravely discarded the simile, and substituted for it that of the threshing-machine, explaining that the supreme function of the Russian armies was to keep on threshing out the lives of as many Germans as possible, and that, as there were far more Russians than Germans, this process would in time infallibly achieve the desired result! One had only mentally to compare the numbers of their respective populations, do a small sum in arithmetic, and the appositeness of this metaphor was demonstrated to admiration!

It is worth while to devote some space to a short study of Russia's two East Prussian campaigns, as her action in them indicates and illuminates the part she has played and must for some time longer play in the War. It is a great part, but there is shade as well as light in it. It will be well if the idea of the steam-roller should dis-

appear—at any rate for the present; from the outset it gave a false notion of Russia, and those who made it prominent did a real disservice, no doubt quite unintentionally, to the common cause by leading the peoples of the West, and more particularly of Great Britain, to dream of something that in her circumstances was impossible in the first months of the conflict, and still is unlikely of any early realization. Some preliminary considerations must be stated—not because they have any novelty now, but because it is necessary in view of present occurrences in Western Galicia to set them forth again.

While the mobilization of Russia was speedier than had been expected by friend or foe, it yet was slow; and while it is true, comparatively speaking, that her vast population affords an inexhaustible supply of men, it is true, without any reservation whatever, that these men, however numerous or even well trained, are of no military value unless efficiently armed. When the War broke out Russia had no immense stock of munitions such as had been accumulated over a lengthy period by the Germans, nor did she possess arsenals and factories as large, or anything like so well equipped, for producing war material expeditiously on a great scale; she had millions of men, but she had not the corresponding quantities of big guns, shells, maxims, rifles, and cartridges. This was, and still is, her severest handicap, but it may be hoped that this summer will see an end of it, her ports being free from ice or, even more advantageous for her swift munitioning, the Dardanelles open to her ships and those of the other Allies. Further, she was heavily handicapped by inadequate systems of railways, operated never very quickly in times of peace and bound in times of war to be much strained, in a

country of absolutely enormous extent, whereas her opponents had taken care to provide themselves with an abundance of railroads which had been scientifically designed to subserve strategic purposes. In brief, Russia was as unprepared, relatively to Germany, as were the other Allies, and suffered accordingly. It was not that she was caught napping exactly; ever since her war with Japan she had been reorganizing and developing her military resources, and would have been in a far stronger position if the War had been delayed for two or three years longer, but Germany was well aware of this fact, and this was one of the determining reasons why she precipitated the War just when she did. Russia was also handicapped by the vulnerability of her Polish frontier; Poland within the Vistula formed a big salient jutting into German territory, and as it was undefended by fortifications was a source of weakness to her, a weakness of which the enemy has not been slow to take every advantage, and which counts for much of his success. And added to this must be the by no means unimportant matter that the probable action of her own Poles was uncertain at the beginning of the War. Only ten years before there had been a rising which Russia had suppressed, and there was a not unnatural apprehension that they might throw in their lot with the Germans; the event, however, proved the contrary; they elected to stand by Russia in spite of the blandishments of Germany who, prior to the War, had intrigued to gain their support and, after it had begun, exhorted them as a "friend" to take up arms to "expel the Russian barbarians from their beautiful country." For one thing, they knew that the Poles in Germany were undoubtedly in no better case than themselves—Russia had been hard, but Germany had been harder;

and for another, they received a striking object-lesson in German methods very early in the War in a savage and brutal attack by the Germans on Kalisz, where, on a much smaller scale but with similar circumstances of horror, they saw reproduced the most dreadful features of the Belgian tragedy—deadly sins against our common humanity, but at the same time acts on the part of the Germans of the greatest political stupidity. The resolve of her Poles not to side with Germany had a great effect on Russia and the course of the struggle. In the first place, it led to the issue of the proclamation in which, in the most eloquent and moving terms, the Grand Duke, on behalf of the Czar, solemnly promised that Poland shall be “born again, free in her religion and her language.” In the second place, the Russian Poles threw themselves into the conflict with indescribable enthusiasm. It was something more than a coincidence that the publication of the Grand Duke’s noble appeal to them was immediately followed by the vigorous offensive the Russians undertook in East Prussia, to whose boundary the march lay through North Poland, and in Galicia, which is largely Polish.

Germany’s original plan of campaign was the containment of the Russians within their own country until the Allies in France and Belgium had been decisively vanquished, but the scheme failed in both the Western and Eastern Theatres. In the opening week of the War collisions took place at various points on the Russo-German frontier, and Russia began her assault on East Prussia by a raid on Johannesberg, the occupation of Eydtkuhnen, and the capture of Stalluponen. Nearly a fortnight then elapsed, the Russians beating off the enemy, and gaining time for the coming up of an army from Vilna under General Ren-

nenkampf, the Manchurian veteran. Farther south another Russian army, which was commanded by General Samsonoff, who had also distinguished himself in the war with Japan, had entered the border district of Masurenland, stormed Lyck, and taken Lötzen after desperate fighting. It may be doubted if the Germans expected a serious invasion of East Prussia, which is difficult country, and easier of defence than of attack. For the most part it is a region of swamps, lakes, and woods, with few roads, and these generally indifferent, particularly in bad weather, thus rendering the success of a hostile incursion, when stoutly resisted, extremely problematical. Besides, it contains several important fortresses—Königsberg in the north, and Thorn, Graudenz and Danzig on the line of the Vistula, two of these being on the Baltic, a sea controlled by the German fleet, which therefore could throw forces into them at any time even if they were invested by land. How little the Germans anticipated that this area would be heavily assailed is attested by the fact that it was protected mainly by troops of the second class, nearly all of their first line being engaged in the Western Theatre. It may also be doubted whether at first the Russians intended a serious invasion of East Prussia, for, from the beginning, they unquestionably regarded their incursion into that province as of very subordinate interest as compared with their great campaign in Galicia, of which a tentative commencement was made synchronously with operations in the north. At any rate, it was not till past the middle of August that the general order for the Russians to advance was issued, and by that time the attitude of the Russian Poles had been unmistakably defined. Meanwhile, in the Western Theatre the Germans were sweeping over Belgium and were get-



ting ready to counter the French offensive in Lorraine. It was on the 20th of August that *Rennenkampf's* army came up at Gumbinnen with the German East Prussian forces, whose commander was General von Francois, and the battle which ensued and lasted for two days resulted in the complete defeat, with very considerable losses, of the Germans; furthermore, their right flank was threatened by the army of General Samsonoff, who had beaten the German 20th Army Corps at Frankenan, and they hastily retreated in disorder, leaving thousands of prisoners and huge quantities of stores in the hands of the Russians. With the exception of the battle of the Jadar, sometimes called Shabatz, in which the Serbians routed the Austrians, Gumbinnen was the first great victory of the Allies; if the date of the former battle be taken from the closing stages of that *débâcle* imposed by gallant little Serbia on Austria, that is, the 23rd of August, then Gumbinnen ranks before it in point of time.

Immense were the immediate effects of the Russian victory locally in East Prussia, throughout the rest of Germany, and on public opinion everywhere. In the province itself Insterburg, the centre of the German northern strategic railways, was at once occupied by the Russians, and Tilsit was isolated. The routed army divided, one portion making for Königsberg and the other for Allenstein, while the victors, detaching troops to invest the fortress, took Tilsit, and marched on to the Alle in pursuit of the enemy. The whole of East Prussia east of the line Königsberg-Alenstein, by far the larger part, that is, of the country, passed to the Russians, and at the moment it certainly looked as if the rest of it and West Prussia to the Vistula might also be conquered, an impression which was strengthened when the Germans were forced to re-

tire west of Allenstein. Nor was it possible for the German authorities to keep the news of what had happened from their people. From every part of East Prussia multitudes of fugitives had fled in terror as the Russians had advanced; a quarter of a million are said to have poured into Danzig alone, and thousands of panic-stricken men, women, and children appeared in the streets of Berlin, where their bitter cry could not possibly go unheeded by the Government or by the populace who, until these living evidences of the Russian triumph were seen, had never dreamed of defeats or of invasion. From the west had come only stories of swelling German victories, but here was something very different, and Berlin for the first time may perhaps have felt the cold grasp of fear. Strong reinforcements were quickly despatched from various parts of the Vaterland to the Eastern Theatre; the "barbarians," who, by the way, had waged war with no more barbarity than war usually entails, must be driven from the sacred soil and severely punished! In other lands, especially in those of the Allies on whom dark and terrible days had fallen in the Western Theatre, the Russian success was magnified into something enormously more important than it was; it was then that the idea of Russia as the steam-roller sprang up and flourished exceedingly. But from Allenstein the Russians did not succeed in advancing much nearer the Vistula. About a week went by in a strange silence from Petrograd so far as anything vital was concerned, and then was flashed from Berlin the news that the tide had turned against the Russians, one of whose armies had not only been defeated but annihilated. The Allies, sore bested in the west, were incredulous, but the thing was practically true.

Von Hindenburg, whom the War has



shown, it should frankly be acknowledged, a leader of high ability, had effected a formidable concentration of troops in a strong position near Osterode, south-west of Allenstein, on the edge of a typical Masurenland district of woods and swamps. Skilfully manœuvring the Russians under Samsonoff on to this area in the neighborhood of Tannenberg, he enveloped them on three sides, drove them into the marshes, and nearly destroyed them utterly. It was more of a massacre than a battle; Samsonoff and other Russian generals were among the slain, and a mere remnant of the Russian army made good its escape under cover of night. This severe reverse meant nothing less than the end of the Russian campaign in East Prussia. Allenstein had to be evacuated forthwith, and all the rest of the province was soon freed from the Russians. What was left of Samsonoff's army retreated towards the Narew, while in the north Rennenkampf, whose communications were threatened, retired to the Niemen, after fighting rearguard actions. The Germans crossed the frontier in pursuit, and advanced to the line of the Niemen where Rennenkampf had determined to make a stand; meanwhile they occupied and administered the government of Suwalki as if they were going to stay there for ever, but their conduct of affairs did not precisely endear them to the Poles who inhabited it. In the fourth week of September German forces tried to get across the Niemen, which is the great natural barrier to an invasion of Russia from East Prussia, but their attempts failed; southwards they bombarded Ossowlec without much result; all along this front they were held in check, and were unable to accomplish anything of importance. A Russian counter-offensive, promptly initiated by Rennenkampf, who had been rein-

forced, caused the Germans to fall back along their whole line; defeated at Augustowo and elsewhere, they were compelled to retreat into East Prussia, suffering heavy losses which in the aggregate reached a high figure. And then they were pressed over their frontier, the Russians again capturing Lyck and establishing themselves on the eastern side of the Masurenland Lakes. This was the position in January; to quote again from the speech of Lord Kitchener already alluded to: "In East Prussia the situation has undergone but little change since the Russians succeeded at the end of November in driving the German army from its prepared positions within the German frontier."

It will thus be seen that while the Russians met with a great disaster at Tannenberg, had to abandon East Prussia, and were forced to retreat to the Niemen, they recovered themselves and renewed the struggle with very marked success, being in possession of a part of the province again at the close of the second phase of that first campaign. In this field, as in that of Poland within the Vistula in October when she held and repulsed the Germans from Warsaw and the Austrians from Iwangozod, Russia splendidly exhibited that quality of resilience which has come to be recognized as characteristic of her. The Germans later said that their thrust at the Niemen was nothing more than a raid, a sort of punitive expedition—if so, it cost them dearly, but their administration of Suwalki suggested that their occupation of that government was believed by them to be of a permanent nature.

It is impossible to say that, taken by itself, Russia's first campaign was a failure, though there was an impression, caused doubtless by the Tannenberg disaster, that it was. But the campaign cannot be taken by itself; it must be viewed in a far broader

light, and considered together with the other operations of Russia and also of the Allies in the Western Theatre. There is great need here, as indeed in the whole conflict, east or west, of getting a proper perspective; this is not exactly a very easy matter, because we are prone to live from day to day on the official *communiqués*, and to attach too much importance to the incidents and episodes of the moment. To start with, East Prussia, it may be repeated, was to the Russians a field of military action of unimportance as compared with Galicia; it was upon the latter, as much more vulnerable and presenting surer prospects of success, that, once the friendly attitude of the Poles was ascertained, they concentrated their principal armies. Accurately gauging the fighting value of the Austrians, who were not so well prepared in every way for a great war as were the Germans, the Russians invaded East Prussia for the purpose mainly of distracting Germany and of preventing her from sending assistance to Austria, who Russia believed, and rightly believed, as the sequel proved, would require and demand help from her friend. The victories of the Russians in East Prussia tempted them too far afield, and they paid a heavy penalty in consequence, but they were completely successful in drawing vast numbers of Germans into that area and in keeping them from being sent to reinforce the Austrians; not even the Germans—their clever strategic railways notwithstanding—can be in two places at the same time. As a matter of fact, the Austrian invasion of South Poland in August was not backed up by the Germans in the strength which had been expected of them, and this came about because of their absorbing pre-occupation in East Prussia; later, the same absence of German reinforcements contributed to

the magnificent success of the Russians which culminated in the capture of Lemberg and the speedy conquest of nearly all Galicia. Whatever their loss in East Prussia, it was far more than compensated for by their gain in Galicia.

But it has been asserted that this East Prussian campaign had another object behind it. At this time the Allies in the Western Theatre were being very severely tried. The day before the issue was decided at Gumbinnen saw the Germans in Brussels and the serious defeat of the French in the battle of Metz, while the days immediately following witnessed the retreat of the French and the British after Charleroi and Mons to the Somme and the Aisne, and then to the Marne—it was during this retreat that the battle of Tannenberg was fought and lost by the Russians. It has been said that the Russians prosecuted their campaign farther than it ought to have been in order to reduce the pressure on the Allies in the west; one writer has gone so far as to allege that the whole East Prussian campaign was "not war, but a chivalrous enterprise," designed for the relief of the Allies, and that it secured this relief by compelling the transfer of German army corps from the west to the east at the critical time when every man was necessary to consummate the advantage gained by the rapid march on Paris. But all this falls to the ground because, it is now certain, no German troops were moved from the one field to the other, von Hindenburg getting his reinforcements from the interior of Germany. These reinforcements were very considerable, and to this extent Russia, by attracting them to East Prussia and North Poland—that is, by exerting this pressure on Germany—did lessen pressure elsewhere. After their defeat at Lemberg the Austrians begged the German

Kaiser for help, and when he responded by sending several German army corps to them, this again kept in the Eastern Theatre large numbers of soldiers whose presence otherwise might materially have increased the pressure on the Allies in the Western.

The second of Russia's East Prussian campaigns began inconspicuously in the third week of January. For many weeks the Russian entrenchments in the district on the east of the Masurenland Lakes, which they had reoccupied after the repulse of von Hindenburg from the Niemen, faced those of the Germans, and the position was that of stalemate, as, though fighting went on, no appreciable gain was made by either side. The Russians however, had seemed so settled in the country that the Petrograd correspondent of the *Times*, in a despatch to that journal, said "The Germans despair, and rightly too, of ever returning thither. Our Allies have come to stay"—the last sentence is one of the numerous prophecies made by our optimistic journalists in Petrograd which have not been fulfilled. This part of the Eastern Theatre had almost dropped out of the official *communiqués*, and most people had forgotten about it altogether; they were therefore all the more startled when suddenly an announcement came from Berlin that the Russians had suffered a severe defeat in that region, and were again retreating in hot haste to their defensive lines of the Niemen and the Narew before the victorious Germans, whose official messages stated that they had taken upwards of 60,000 prisoners and many guns, and jubilantly declared that they had annihilated the Russian army in that area. These despatches, tricked out with every circumstance and detail that was likely to make them more effective, were meant to impress not only the Germans but the world in

general. But the Russian *communiqués* soon showed how exaggerated were these claims, and even suggested that the retirement of the Russians from East Prussia had taken place in accordance with a plan that had been thought out beforehand by the Grand Duke, who had a very definite object in view. The carrying out of this scheme was, however, marred to some extent by a disaster to one corps of the four that composed the Russian army in East Prussia; it was afterwards learned that this unfortunate occurrence had been brought about by the basest treachery on the part of an officer who had not been proof against German bribes. The Grand Duke's object in the second East Prussian campaign was the same as that which had inspired the first—namely, to attract to and keep busily engaged in that portion of the Eastern Theatre as many Germans as possible. The Austro-German offensive that had been undertaken in December had been unable to effect any very remarkable result in Galicia, and the Russian invasion of the Bukovina in January was regarded as so formidable a menace by the Hungarians, the more deeply interested partners in the Dual Monarchy, that they made the most anguished appeals to the German Emperor for substantial additional reinforcements. The Russians knew perfectly well that this was the case; hence this second campaign of theirs in the north which was nothing more than a feint, though at the outset they gave it a different complexion by leading the Germans to believe that their purpose was nothing less than the envelopment of the German army *vis-à-vis* of their own in Masurenland.

Included in von Hindenburg's grand design for the capture of Warsaw, which he began to put into execution with the famous rush from the Warta-Vistula gap in November, was the ad-

vance of a German army from Soldau and Willenberg in East Prussia on Clechanow and Przasnysz, two towns some fifty miles northwest of the Polish capital. This army appeared on the scene in December; one column struck at Mlawa a few miles south of Soldau, took it, and marched on to Clechanow, while a second column captured Przasnysz. But after several battles in the neighborhood the Russians forced both columns back into East Prussia again. The Germans reformed their army, returned, and reoccupied Mlawa, their line stretching southward and westward from it on Russian soil to the north bank of the Vistula. The Russians began their second campaign by attacking this line, and by an assault at the same time of the German positions in Masurenland; towards the end of January they were fighting vigorously also in the north of East Prussia near Pilkallen. These combined operations were so pronounced as to indicate a strong attempt to surround and destroy the German army in this province. All Germany was alarmed; von Hindenburg hurried to the field, as did the Kaiser later; and fresh troops in great force were rapidly concentrated by the German strategic railways to meet this new menace. This was exactly what the Grand Duke had played for, and when the German offensive developed the Russians were ordered to retire before it, and did retire, but suffered considerable loss, as stated above. Shortly afterwards the Germans published the preposterous statement that "in the winter battle in the Mazurian Lakes district" the Russians lost seven generals, over 100,000 men, and more than 150 guns. How little reliance could be attached to the assertions of the enemy was evinced by the fact that of the army which had been described as "annihilated" three out of its four corps effected the pre-

scribed retirement, and took part in the Russian counter-offensive, based on the line of the Niemen and the Narew, with which the Grand Duke replied to and repulsed the German attack, and this within a fortnight of its appearance. On the 28th of February the Russians inflicted a signal defeat on the Germans at Przasnysz. The whole was a striking exemplification of Russian resiliency. There is still a good deal of uncertainty as to the strength of the German forces employed at this time in East Prussia and North Poland, the figure being variously estimated at from twelve to eighteen corps, but as the higher estimate is nearer the mark it is evident that the Grand Duke succeeded in what was his real object. And if the German offensive be considered as another attempt on Warsaw it must be said to have failed.

March saw the fruition of the Grand Duke's strategy in the fall of the great Austrian fortress, Przemyśl, in Galicia. At the beginning of that month the Russians in West Galicia stood on the right banks of the Duna-jec and its tributary, the Biala, their position from north to south extending from the Vistula to the Dukla Pass with other passes adjacent thereto, while eastward their line stretched from the Dukla, which they occupied, for some distance among the mountains, and then north of them through South-Eastern Galicia and along the northern frontier of the Bukovina to their own territory. The Austro-Germans for ten or eleven weeks had put forth the most desperate and tremendous efforts to relieve the beleaguered town—the pronouncement of whose name intrigued and baffled our English tongues. The garrison had co-operated by several sorties, all of which, however, were of no effect. And though the enemy succeeded in driving back the Russians in East

Galicia, and in recovering the Bukovina, he was finally held up, and thus failed of his purpose. In the first days of March the Russians assumed the offensive in East Galicia, and on the 4th recovered Stanislaw, an important centre which they had been forced to abandon a short time previously. The enemy retorted by a raid into Besarabia, but this was soon checked. All the while fighting, in which the Russians generally held their own or improved their position, was going on in the Carpathians; they scored several victories in the region of the Lupkow Pass, and made a distinct advance. These mountain engagements took place in cold and bitter weather, the soldiers often being up to their waists in snow; perhaps the severe climatic conditions rather favored the Russians, but they must have told heavily on all the combatants. In the meantime the Russians had delivered a series of assaults on Przemyśl which had brought them close to its northern front, and it speedily became evident that the fate of the fortress was sealed. Its defenders tried a last sortie which came to nothing; though scarcely reduced to extremities, they despaired of succor from their friends who had made no real progress towards relieving them, and they surrendered the place on the 22nd of March. Thus Russia won this great prize, one of the greatest in the War; she did not realize just how great it was until she discovered that its garrison consisted of some 120,000 men—about equivalent to three army corps; among the spoils were upwards of 1000 guns, many of which were in good order. News of the fall of Przemyśl was held back at first in Germany, but the truth could not long be concealed; in Austria-Hungary there was the deepest depression. The Allies of the Entente hailed the event as typical of the satisfactory ending of the

whole War, and certainly no one dreamed that Russia's possession of the fortress would be seriously challenged within a couple of months.

One of the immediate results of the capture of Przemyśl was the setting free for other purposes of the Russian forces which had been investing it, but before this addition to the field strength of Russia could be brought to bear on the struggle in the mountains the Russians had made splendid advances. In the first week of April they stormed and occupied the Rostoki Pass, conquered the whole district lying between Mezö Laborcz and the Uzsok Pass, and established themselves on the southern slopes of the great barriers of Hungary, upon the rich plains of which they threatened to descend. In an official statement issued at Petrograd about the 12th of April an account was given of the Russian offensive in the Carpathians from the 19th of March to that date, and the losses of the enemy during that short period were placed at 70,000 men, including 900 officers, more than thirty guns, and 200 machine guns. The Russian success was so striking that a correspondent in Petrograd began his telegram to the London journal which he represented with the sentence "A débâcle has begun in the Carpathians." The *Bulletin des Armées*, the French military organ, published about the same time a long review of the work of the Russian Army during the eight months of the War, and spoke with enthusiasm of the efforts of the Russians, eulogizing their successes. Referring to the Austro-Germans, it said that their position now appeared to be most precarious, and that the balance of the operations in the Eastern Theatre was incontestably in favor of Russia. This, in fact, was the general view among the Allies. A farther Russian invasion of Hungary was predicted as imminent and of so complete a nature that it



was likened, the old figures of speech being dropped for the nonce, to the irresistible action of a glacier. But the Austro-Germans were not vanquished; there had been no decisive battle, and heavy fighting still went on which was to become much heavier in a little while. Thoroughly impressed by the danger which the Russian advance into Hungary had created, the Germans threw large bodies of fresh troops into the arena, the direction of the operations was taken over by the Germans, and the German Kaiser himself hastened to Cracow to be near the scene of action. The Russians did not advance, partly no doubt because of the melting of the snows which rendered progress difficult, but partly also because of the presence of strong enemy forces attacking them persistently and not always unsuccessfully. For about a fortnight nothing of special interest occurred; then the Germans sprang a new offensive upon an area which had not hitherto been touched by the War—the Baltic provinces of Russia. Petrograd explained that this movement was devoid of military significance, but at all events it was symptomatic of fresh developments of German activity with the coming of open weather.

It was to be expected that Germany, having organized during the winter all the troops, new and old, at her disposition, and having manufactured vast quantities of war material of every kind, should look round for the weakest spot in the fronts of the Allies, and launch a strong offensive against it with all possible speed. According to a congratulatory telegram from the German Kaiser to von Falkenhayn, his War Minister and the Chief of the German Staff, whom he credited with the discovery, this particular spot was found on the Dunajec in West Galicia. Be this as it may, a powerful German army advancing

from Cracow, and working in combination with an Austrian army, attacked and took the Russian defensive positions on that river in the first days of May. The Germans far outnumbered the Russians—by three to one, it is said; and the artillery of the enemy, in both the number and calibre of his guns, greatly surpassed that of our Ally. In this quarter the Russians had their Third Army, a comparatively small force as armies go in this war of multitudes, acting as a screen to their operations further east; from the Dunajec it retired to its second line of defence, the Wisloka, but had to abandon it on the 7th of May when it took up a position on the Wislok, and made a determined stand, which, however, did not succeed in checking the German onrush, the result being that it had to retreat to the San. The rapidity of the German advance, which in ten days covered a distance of about 130 kilometres, recalled that of August in Belgium and France, and must be considered a most remarkable performance. It had notable and immediate results in the withdrawal of the Russians from the Western Carpathians and their retirement from their fortified position on the Nida on the other side of the Vistula. The Russians everywhere fought with the greatest courage and resolution, inflicting losses on the enemy which are put at 100,000 men, but their own losses were, as they admitted, very heavy. Their real trouble was not so much their numerical inferiority, though that, too, must have told, but their lack, it may be taken as certain, of guns and shells: "munitions, more munitions, and still more munitions," to quote General French, are the open secret of success in this War. The enemy, as was to be anticipated, made the most of his victory, and there is no need for us to minimize it, or allege that it was gained merely to impress



neutrals, for it was a very substantial achievement. On the other side of the account there is this to be said: the retirements of the Russians before sudden incursions of Germans in greatly superior numbers have hitherto invariably ended in these advances being checked and repulsed, and we may reasonably believe that it will be the same in this case.

Russia has done and is doing her very best in the midst of almost insuperable difficulties; she never was the steam-roller of our optimists, but was conditioned from the start by the same unpreparedness as ourselves. What she can do, she does, and does it with all the strength of her great heart. Even when she was being driven back from the Dunajec to the San she was striking a mighty blow at the enemy in East Galicia. This

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article may fitly conclude with the following statement taken from the Russian *communiqué* of May 15:

On May 14 the whole of the Third Army deployed on the San, and, in conformity with this fact, we were also obliged to proceed to a rearrangement, which is already nearing completion, to enable the adjacent armies to unite. Although we were obliged to do this to fall back from the Carpathians, we simultaneously made a decisive offensive in Eastern Galicia, by which we realized results very essential to our left wing, and inflicted a severe defeat on the Austrians on the Dniester along a front of over 150 versts (100 miles). In five days, beginning May 9, we captured in this region about 20,000 prisoners and forced the enemy to retreat in disorder across the Pruth.

These words exemplify the whole spirit of Russia, her power, and her unshakable confidence in her destiny.

Robert Machray.

## THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

The Sacred City known to most nations under some form of the name Jerusalem is called by the Arabs el Quds, that is to say, The Sanctuary. One can well understand the origin of the name if one lives in the place. For surely no other town of equal size is in a position so secluded. Only a few miles off is Cairo radiant with modern life. Nearer still is the Mediterranean, one of the most frequented of all the world's high-streets, yet Jerusalem is often in winter cut off for several weeks from the outside world, for her port of Jaffa is only an open roadstead, and a landing is impossible except in fair weather.

No city so near the great "Market of the World" can be less in the world than Jerusalem, yet the Pilgrim is shown in the Church of the Resurrection a sight which seems to deny this. This Church, usually called by Westerns the

Church of the Holy Sepulchre, stands in the centre of the city. It was begun by Constantine to enclose what is probably the very tomb of Christ, and the place of His crucifixion also, and it is shared by the Greek Church, the Latin, the Armenian, Coptic, and Abyssinian. One of its chapels, that of St. Abraham, is even reserved, by the courtesy of the Greek Church, for the use of members of the Anglican Church. Within this city of churches or chapels, in the heart of the Greek Cathedral, is an upright carved marble pillar, whose top is carved into a boss, and is perhaps three feet above the pavement. One sees many a pilgrim pause to kiss this column, and, when one asks the reason, one is told that it is the centre of the world. The modern mind is inclined to smile at such an idea. Yet one remembers that it was from Jerusalem that two of the

great religions of the world went forth. The Moslems, too, regard it as the second of all sacred cities, and two of the greatest prophets predicted that the city, though about to suffer from eclipse, would some day be the true centre of the social life of man.

In this article I propose to describe, briefly, the various communities at Jerusalem, and their attitude towards the present war.

The population of Jerusalem is said to number about 70,000, and of this 40,000 are Jews. When we remember that many native Christians, as well as Europeans, inhabit the city it is obvious that the Moslem population is not a very large one. But as the Government is Moslem, and all political power is in Moslem hands, we may well begin by considering the attitude of the Moslems to the present war.

So far as I can judge the majority of them do not regard it as a Sacred War. Their impression is that the Sheikh-ul-Islam was anxious to refuse to sign the "Fetva" proclaiming it, and that he was only forced into it by German intrigues. They have lived at peace with the English and French and have no active dislike to Christianity. One of the chief events that heralded the expedition against Egypt illustrates this. It was arranged by the Germans that a Sacred Flag should be brought from the great Mosque at Medina, by one of the chief Muftis of that place, and that it should be carried in procession to "the Dome of the Rock" in the Sacred Temple Enclosure. Then the Holy War was to be solemnly inaugurated, and the troops were to start to the conquest of Egypt. The Consuls of Germany and Austria were to join in this celebration and to aid in preaching the Holy War. I was still shut up in Jerusalem when the Sacred Flag arrived, and had been picked out, with others, to be sent to Urfa, beyond An-

tioch, as a hostage for the good behavior of the Allies, but I was free to go about so long as I did not leave the town. I and the Head Master of St. George's School were at my own house, in the College built by the late Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. This building is very prominent and was the more conspicuous in that it was decorated with no flags or words of welcome. Yet it was possible to sit on our terrace and watch the whole procession pass, and then to descend and mix freely with the crowd. Surely no better proof could be given that the Holy War was not very real to the Moslems.

One ought perhaps to mention, on the other side, that we were often cursed in the streets, and that a soldier came to our cathedral and expressed a hope that it would soon be sprinkled with our blood. But one often hears angry parents cursing and dooming to hell their own children, and one cannot take these remarks too seriously. We were, I believe, in considerable danger, but this danger was likely to come either from the Germans, or from the rabble of defeated soldiers who might return from the Canal to pillage and revenge their failure to loot Cairo.

Though there seemed to be very little hostile religious feeling yet undoubtedly there was a rather strange opinion that the English had taken an unfair advantage of the amiability and unselfishness of the Government, and that the German Emperor was a true friend. Thus an officer of the army who was quartered in one of our buildings asked me pathetically why England had forced Turkey to go to war when we had always been friends; he said that Turkey had only asked us to give up Cairo, and that he could not understand why we had been so unfriendly as to refuse and to necessitate such a deplorable war. There was no

anti-Christian flavor in these remarks.

The more ignorant Moslems have a distinct impression that the German Emperor is actually a Turk on his father's side. This is not the place to tell the extraordinary legends that are already springing up in the East about this war, but I can assure my readers that the Emperor is largely popular because he is supposed to be Turkish, and to be actually a Moslem. I have as yet been unable to trace this idea to its source. I believe however that a large number of the educated Moslems take no interest in religion, and that some of the rich young Moslems of Jerusalem would prefer to be Christians, only they dread persecution and loss of prestige.

My readers must remember also that of the Moslems in Jerusalem only a few are Turks. The chief families as well as the poor are mainly Arab. They dislike and despise the Turks, and feel themselves to be a conquered race. It is only the fact that the Turks are Moslems that at all reconciles them to their rule. Most of the educated Moslem Arabs would much prefer to be under British rule. It is the Russians that they dread and detest. The Russians are regarded as the traditional foes of the Empire, and the English as friends who have disappointed expectations. I am convinced that, if we had been able to send an expedition to Palestine at the end of December, almost the whole Arab population would have watched its opportunity to desert to our side.

Thirty years ago there were only a few Jews at Jerusalem. Now they form more than half the inhabitants. At Silloam one sees their hovels huddled in the valley; to the North-West, and West of the City whole Jewish suburbs are springing up. The shops near the Jaffa gate, in Christian Street, and the bazaars, seem ever more and more in Jewish hands. On

Saturday one has to remember that more than half the shops will be shut. On all sides one meets the little Jewish boy in his long skirt, great coat, and black clerical felt hat, the Jewish lad with a well-groomed curl hanging down by each ear, the older men gravely bearded and dressed on the Sabbath, even in the hottest weather, in hats of velvet and fur, and in heavy plush mantles of orange color or purple. The Western Jew also is to be met with, dressed in ordinary European clothes, speaking all the languages known in the Levant, keen to learn all that may make him rich. Lastly we meet with some Jews who are living in Palestine merely because they wish to help the poorer members of their race, and to spread education, and encourage agriculture. The Jews are certainly more and more looking towards Palestine, and considering whether it would be possible to establish there a government of their own. My object now is not to consider the Jewish question as a whole, but the attitude of the Jews in Palestine towards this war and its probable results.

Just ten months ago a well-known Jewish doctor from Germany visited Palestine, and was introduced to me by an American friend. He did me the kindness to spend an evening at my home, and we had a good deal of interesting conversation. He was not only an ardent Jew, but also seemed to me equally German, yet he did not wish to see Palestine under the protection of Germany. He told me that he was visiting Palestine in order to forward Zionist aims. He had brought with him a large band of German-Jewish young students. They were to stay at cheap hotels, and to walk through the country, visiting not only the celebrated places but also all the Jewish Agricultural Colonies, especially those in the Plain of Sharon. He said

that he and his friends distinctly aimed at securing Palestine as a Jewish land under a Jewish government. I asked him if they hoped to form an independent State. He said that they regarded this as quite impossible, and that they had only two alternative plans in view. One was to buy up land gradually and secure privileges until Palestine became a Jewish Governorate under the Ottoman Flag, the other was to secure British protection and to form ultimately part of the British Empire. I gathered that he considered Turkey weak enough, and Great Britain fair-minded enough, to serve their purposes. It was interesting to see that such a typically German Jew, who knew but little of England itself, or our language, should have no desire to allow Germany to absorb Palestine, or even to protect Jewish interests there. I do not think that he merely wished to be complimentary to an Englishman, for he spoke with extraordinary frankness on certain topics on which he saw that he would be in absolute conflict with my opinions as a Christian and an Englishman.

It is possible that at the outset of the war there may have been many German Jews, who favored the cause of Germany, although I cannot say that this was the case. But it is probable that by this time the Palestinian Jew is strongly anti-German. The war has ruined trade, and it is notorious in Palestine, among all educated people, that the war was forced upon the country by the Germans. But for Enver Pasha, and one or two of his tools, who were probably heavily bribed by the German Government, the Turks would never have been dragged into such a calamity. Germany might, one would have thought, have seen that it was possible to reconcile the Jews in some measure to the war by persuading the Turks to

treat the Jews with special favor. It would have been easy to make overtures to their leaders, and say that they would not be regarded in the same light as those who were French, British, or Russian, in blood as well as in nationality. Instead the Jews were treated with special malignity. Strong pressure was put upon them to make them consent to become Turkish subjects. They naturally refused when they saw how badly those Jews who were already Turks in nationality were treated, both in regard to taxation, and when they served in the army. Then, when the bulk of the alien Jews refused to be forced to abandon their nationality, a veritable persecution began. This was chiefly directed towards the Russian Jews, who are very numerous, and on whom fell the brunt of the Moslem hatred of the Russian Christian Government. After refusing to allow all subjects of the belligerent power to leave the country sudden orders came one evening to Jaffa to expel all the Russian Jews in that town, by an Italian passenger boat which happened to be in Port. A wild scene of confusion followed. The police went to the houses of the Russian Jews and herded them to the port without giving them time to pack, or take necessaries with them. Ear-rings were torn from the ears of the women, who were stripped of their jewelry. They were then flung into boats and taken off to the steamer, whilst in many cases even little children were left behind on the Quay. At least two children were flung by the police into the water, through haste and carelessness, and were drowned.

One may safely conclude that the Jews of Palestine are now entirely prepared to welcome a British occupation.

The Christians of Palestine, unlike those of Egypt, usually call themselves

Arabs. Most of them belong to the Orthodox Greek Church, although some are Latins, Protestants, or Jacobites. It is almost impossible to say to what race they really belong. Though they speak the Arab language they may be descended from the ancient Canaanite Tribe with an admixture of Greek, Phillistine, and European blood. Some of them are quite fair, like the fairest English people, whilst others seem to have in them a negro strain. They are often handsome, and usually attractive, capable of a good deal of affection and fidelity. When we were prisoners in our own house, and when police and spies were watching to see who visited us and mark them as anti-German, almost all our Christian Arab friends persistently visited us, though we begged them on no account to do so.

Most of the native Christians have a strong love of their native land and a desire to belong to the Orthodox Church. But they are not satisfied to leave things as they are. They hate Turkish misrule, and they are vexed with the condition of their Church. For the higher posts in the Church are all reserved for Greeks, who are foreigners in the country, and the Arabs are refused a proper education in their own language. Nor are the Arab clergy properly taught. All this causes a rift between the Greek Bishops and Monks and natives. Deprived of all trust in Turk or Greek, and taught for centuries to rely on outside help, the Christians of Palestine look to England or France for political and religious aid. It is said that in the Lebanon and at Beirut they would prefer French intervention, but of this I cannot speak from personal knowledge. In Palestine the majority would, I feel sure, much prefer our rule. It is known that the English Church does not seek to turn Christians from their own form of religion, it is hoped that it would help to re-

form what is weak and out-worn. In the political sphere the prosperity of Egypt is always before their eyes.

This desire shows itself in fantastic tales. Before the great European War broke out, at a time when England would not have had Palestine for the asking, we were told one day by an exultant native that British troops were already concealed within the city, and that the land would that day be annexed to Egypt. If the Turks distrusted us it was not due to our own rapacity but to the known fact that a majority of the natives wanted our rule. During the eight weeks that we were shut up in the city, after the declaration of war, many of the native Christians, and not a few of the more educated Moslems, waited eagerly for the hoped-for arrival of our troops. When it was reported that they had actually effected a landing near Ascalon it was difficult for them to conceal their satisfaction.

In Jerusalem there are many monasteries and churches belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church. Some of these are in the hands of the Russians, but the Greeks still maintain possession of the Patriarchate and the Guardianship of the Holy Places. For centuries the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre has supplied the Church in Palestine with its Patriarch, Archbishops, and higher clergy. Two important officials stand out among the rest. Damianos the Patriarch is supreme Archbishop and President of the Holy Synod, whilst Euthymius is Keeper of the Sacred Places; that is to say the Patriarch is spiritual and legal head of the community, and Euthymius has power over the purse-strings. It is reckoned that each pilgrim pays on an average five pounds into the hands of the Priests at the various shrines, and there are thousands of Russian pilgrims and not a few Greeks. Not long ago the monks



wished to rebuild their huge monastery, and they approached Euthymius for a contribution. As he had the absolute disposal of the funds it was necessary to get his sanction alone. He gave them eighty thousand pounds, they told me. And they did not seem at all satisfied with such a moderate subscription from so opulent a man. The Community owns a great deal of agricultural property, and houses in the Holy City. These houses are granted at cheap rents to native members of the Church. Thus the Brotherhood has enormous power over the lower clergy and the laity. The native clergy, who, as I have said before, are never allowed to attain high rank in the Church, are very poor. They are supported partly by fees for weddings, baptisms, and funerals, partly by doles of bread and oil, &c., from the Brotherhood. The Monks are almost all of them Greeks by blood. Out of them the Bishops and Patriarch are chosen. Most of them are Turkish subjects by birth. Those that are not must become Turkish subjects, or the Government will not allow them to enter the religious order.

It is obvious that the Bishops and Monks have to be very cautious in expressing their opinions on political subjects. The Patriarch Damianos is indeed a model of discretion, and it would ill become one who has received of his Beatitude great kindnesses to guess or to reveal his sentiments. For at a moment when the English were almost without money, and when the Patriarch himself was in great straits, he sent the writer of this article gold, and offered to support him during the war if he were in difficulties. It is fair to say, however, that certain possibilities are likely to be troubling the minds of the Greek community both clerical and lay. It was believed, even before the European War broke out, that the results of the Balkan War would

make themselves felt in Palestine. It was considered likely that not only Russia, but also the other orthodox European States would set up separate establishments at Jerusalem, and might even claim shares in the Church of the Resurrection. Roumania distinctly proposed to build a hospice, and it was feared that Russia might seek to oust the Greeks from their guardianship of the Holy Places. Russia then, though Orthodox, was feared; and France has always taken up the rôle of helper of the Latin Missions. So that we are not likely to be wrong if we guess that the Orthodox of Palestine, whether Arab or Greek, would prefer British protection to any other.

The Latins, for so the Roman Catholics are called in the East, have a far-reaching influence in Palestine and Syria. In the last century the Crusading Latin Patriarchate was revived by the Pope, and the present Patriarch presides over the Latin Christians and shares influence and prestige with the Franciscan "Keeper of the Holy Places." The Latin Church of Palestine is not merely Western, she includes many "Uniat" Eastern branches, such as the Maronites, the Uniat Greeks, &c., who retain their own language in the Church Services and their own costumes and customs, but accept the supremacy of the Pope. The activity of the Latin Church is astonishing, even in the loneliest places one comes upon great monasteries and seminaries, and in Palestine it is doing the kind of work which was done through the great monasteries in England, during the middle-ages. The monks take in waste land, plough, and tend cattle, set up schools, and study archeology; whilst the nuns nurse the sick, teach, or manage dressmaking establishments.

The influence of the Latin Church is far-reaching, yet, so far as I can gather, very few Moslems are con-



verted, and very few members of the Orthodox Church now change their form of Christianity. It is inevitable that a Priest of the English Church should see more, officially, of the Greek than of the Latin Bishops or monks, but there is a good deal of friendly non-official intercourse. Our missionaries stay at the beautiful hospices at Emmaus, the Lake of Galilee, &c., and in Jerusalem the fine Library of the Dominicans is always at our disposal.

A large proportion of the monks and nuns of Palestine are French or Italian, and till lately France was regarded as the sole protector of Latin missions in Palestine. The German Emperor, however, after his visit to the Sacred Places, had two great monasteries for the German monks built at Jerusalem, and there are now some very fine hospices in the country belonging to the Lazarists.

The Latin Church can have no official attitude at the present crisis, but she has suffered heavily because most of her monks and nuns were French or Belgian. I was staying at the German Hospice at Emmaus when war was declared. The news reached us just as we were sitting down to our evening meal. After it was over the Father Superior with the other German monks, and some German visitors, spent the evening in sober festivities. As we were friends I ventured to ask one of the monks why they were so delighted at the outbreak of a great European war. He replied that their country was so overwhelmed by taxation for Army and Navy, that a collapse had seemed inevitable, so they were thankful to take the chances of war. It was not till the following day that news arrived that Great Britain had also declared war, and at the moment they seemed convinced that they would easily conquer France, Russia, Belgium, and Serbia.

A few days before Christmas two of

us were imprisoned for a day at the Dominican Monastery at Jerusalem, in order to be ready to leave for exile with a number of the Latin monks. No words can express the kindness and courtesy shown to us by the monks, who were suddenly ordered by the Turks to receive and feed forty-five prisoners of war. Many of the men who arrived had been suddenly turned out of their monasteries, and were without food or money. After a medical examination they had been sent off at night in pouring rain in open carriages for a drive of two days, two of them in an advanced stage of consumption, one with a broken leg.

A few hours before I was rescued from this fate a German monk, from the neighboring monastery, came to visit us, and was kind enough to tell me how sorry and ashamed he felt that I was so badly treated. He added that he expected that the Germans in Palestine would presently be in danger in their turn.

While the Latin Church therefore is neither pro-British nor pro-German, in her official attitude, she has actually suffered greatly in Palestine from the hands of the Turks and Germans, and she would benefit by an Anglo-French occupation.

To conclude, it is hard to know what will be the future of Palestine. If France, the traditional supporter abroad of the Latin Church, were to annex it the Russians might resent it. On the other hand the Latins would not welcome a Russian annexation. On the whole one supposes that Latin, and Orthodox, Moslem, and Jew, would prefer a British annexation rather than any other. But no nation would like to see Palestine annexed by someone else.

One is forced to believe that there are only three alternatives. Palestine must be either annexed by us, governed by an international council, or

handed over to the Jews. Had I more space I should like to show that the last alternative would at present be most unfair and improper. The second alternative could hardly bring prosperity and good government to the country. Surely then we ought not to shrink from annexing Palestine. But we do not want to increase our posses-

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sions and responsibilities, nor has Palestine a good frontier to divide us from Northern Syria. We shall, I imagine, be sorely tempted to allow it to continue in its age-long condition of bad government and misery. Let us hope that the temptation will be resisted.

*Arthur S. Dickens.*

## THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

### CHAPTER I.

The windows of Lady Wendover's bedroom looked upon well-tended, orderly gardens. From her bed, where she lay rather late this morning, after a wakeful night, she could see bare, black trees, with sparrows bickering in the branches, and other people's bedroom windows opposite, across the gardens. But nothing was clear—a vicious winter fog was gathering, encouraged by the windless, frosty atmosphere, and soon it might be necessary to turn on the electric light. It was the kind of January day in London that usually means brilliant sunshine in the country.

Lady Wendover felt she ought to get up. For one thing, her past years in India had made of her an early and punctual riser; and for another, she was firmly persuaded that everything went wrong in the house if she dared to have breakfast in bed. She was afflicted with an acute conscience, and, as is frequently the case with such estimable people, those immediately about her suffered from her conscience also; which, no doubt, was morally beneficial to them, if, at times, exasperating. For example, her conscience would not permit her to remove forgotten patches of dust from furniture or ornaments with her handkerchief, nor with a duster concealed for the purpose in a

drawer, as many of her friends confessed was their cowardly practice. She always rang for the housemaid and drew attention to the omission. Indeed, she boasted that she never overlooked neglect or evasion on the part of servants or tradespeople—the truth being that she found domestic management in England a severe strain on her capabilities, even after twenty years of experience. Always had she feared, vaguely, that if she slackened her hold upon trifles she might be overwhelmed by the many complications invoked by Western existence for those in her circumstances.

But despite her cares she was a personable old lady, with firm features and quick, dark eyes, her hair not very thin, not very gray, and she looked much younger than her age, which was nearing seventy. Perhaps it is a case of the survival of the fittest, but it seems to be a fact that people who have come through long official residence in India often appear more active, better preserved, than those who have never known the stress and strain of exile in the East. Fifty years ago she had sailed for India as a bride. There she had journeyed and camped perpetually with her husband, often in discomfort, sometimes under hard conditions. She had withstood many hot weathers in the plains, and had done

her share of helpful work during grim seasons of pestilence and famine. She saw two of her babies perish of dysentery and malaria, and more than once she had faced desperate danger undaunted. Through it all she had retained her health and her courage, and her simple sense of duty.

Yet perhaps the most perplexing period of her life was the transplantation from India to the commodious house in the neighborhood of Earl's Court, chosen for its airy, spacious rooms, and the accommodation it afforded for descendants, as well as for a bewildering multitude of possessions. No less than seventy-five packing cases were carried over the threshold; indeed, a facetious friend suggested that it would have saved trouble to build a house of the packing cases and live in it. She and Sir James made many mistakes, as they admitted ruefully afterwards. They bought the house, and its value ever since had steadily decreased. It entailed an establishment that devoured their income and left small margin for unforeseen contingencies; winters abroad were impossible, and as for a carriage—even cabs had to be considered seriously! But, as Lady Wendover contended, they were at least comfortable in their own house, and could ask their friends to a meal; and there was room for the sons and their families when they came home, in addition to the space required for Caroline Gordon, their dead daughter's child.

Lady Wendover was a little worried about Caroline Gordon, among other matters, this morning. Her bad night had depressed her, and the gloom caused by the fog, and the feeling that she really ought to get up, to-day of all others, because there was more than usual to be done and superintended. Her son, Francis Wendover, and his wife, and their little boy, and a sailing ayah, were expected to arrive

from India in the afternoon; and she realized, guiltily, that the prospect rather weighed upon than uplifted her spirits. Of course, it would be delightful to have Francis and Rose at home for the few weeks their three months' privilege leave allowed them, but Francis was now fairly senior in the Indian Civil Service, drawing good pay, and he might just as well have requested that arrangements should be made for them somewhere close at hand—good lodgings, or rooms in one of the "residential hotels" that abounded in the neighborhood. One or other of the three sons was always arriving on leave from various parts of the world, with a wife and children, regarding the roomy South Kensington dwelling as a natural haven; and though the house had been taken more or less with that end in view, it was becoming a little bit of a tax, now that she and Sir James were really growing old. . . .

Lady Wendover realized uncomfortably that had her only daughter lived it would have continued to be pure joy to receive her as often as she might have come to England, with or without her husband, and with no matter how many children. And she and James would have made a home willingly for those children, as, indeed, they had already done for their granddaughter Caroline, without a thought of the trouble, expense, or inconvenience. A son's wife and family became a rather different matter, though in exactly what direction Lady Wendover was unable to explain to herself. She only knew that the feeling was within her, and also that she was ashamed of it.

Now she wondered why "tiresome" things always happened together—her cold, the fog (she resolutely excluded from the catalogue the imminent invasion from India), and this undesirable invitation for Caroline, which must be

answered—and declined. She took some letters from the table at her bedside, and selected a large, mauve-colored envelope, embellished with a blatant gold crest. The postmark was Balham.

There was a knock at the door, and Caroline Gordon came in. Her grandmother thought she had never seen the girl look sweeter or more fresh. It was a relief to turn to the serene young face, and to feel the soft touch of the rose-pink lips.

Caroline was sorry to hear of the bad night, and urged staying in bed until luncheon time.

"I don't think I can. The servants must get on with the rooms, especially to-day. But I'll have my breakfast up here, as it's so late already, and you must look after your grandfather, Carol."

"Yes, I will," said Caroline amiably.

"And listen, my dear. Here's an invitation for you from those people at Balham. They are giving a dance." She held out the letter.

"I shouldn't like you to get mixed up in that sort of set; not, of course, because they live at Balham—probably a great many nice people live there—but because the Jerrolds are not exactly the kind of family we are accustomed to."

Caroline vaulted lightly on to the end of the bed. She examined the letter and the invitation card with frank interest.

Lady Wendover continued: "When the son called here I thought him a shockingly common young man, and judging by her letter to me his mother must be even worse."

"Yes, I suppose Mr. Jerrold is common," Caroline said thoughtfully, and added with some eagerness: "But he's quite nice in his own way, Granny. I mean he's very polite and anxious to be agreeable, at least he seemed so to me when I met him at that subscription dance. Some of the other young

men I danced with, who were not common, had ever so much worse manners. Mr. Jerrold didn't smoke cigarettes when he was sitting out with me between the dances, as they did."

"Heavens!" cried Lady Wendover, "I wish I had never allowed you to go to those dances. I disapprove of subscription dances altogether. You never know who half the people are."

"No," agreed Caroline, with good temper, "I suppose you don't. Anyway the Sawyers brought Mr. Jerrold to that one, and as I belonged to their party too, of course I danced with him. And really if it hadn't been for Mr. Jerrold I don't think I should have enjoyed the evening at all. I got so few partners. May Sawyer seems to think his people are all right. She says they are very kind and have lots of money."

"No doubt. But that would not necessarily make them 'all right,' as you call it, from our point of view. They belong to quite a different class from ourselves, and it would not be advisable for you to accept their hospitality, because we could not possibly return it and ask our friends to meet them."

"We could ask the Sawyers?" suggested Caroline in friendly argument.

Lady Wendover moved irritably. "My dear, I don't intend to ask the Jerrolds here, and I should be very sorry if you went to their house. I must say I cannot understand the Sawyers mixing with people who are not gentlefolk. The Jerrolds are tradespeople!"

Caroline put her head on one side. "I tell you what I think, Granny." She spoke confidentially. "I think Mrs. Sawyer would like May to marry young Mr. Jerrold, and I believe May wouldn't mind!" She gazed with lustrous brown eyes at Lady Wendover, agog to observe the effect of this idea on her grandmother.

"Heavens!" said Lady Wendover

again; but this time there was a relief as well as horror in the exclamation.

The note of relief did not escape Caroline. "But it doesn't follow that Mr. Jerrold wishes to marry May, does it, Granny?"

"I should imagine he would be only too delighted to get the chance," retorted Lady Wendover—"a lady, and the daughter of a West-end clergyman! It would mean a very distinct social rise for young Jerrold, and the Jerrold family."

She glanced at her granddaughter in alarmed suspicion. Surely it was not possible that the girl could be thinking seriously of this terrible young man? But Caroline's countenance conveyed nothing save the most artless unconcern. "Perhaps," she said, "it might really be better for May to marry him than for her never to marry at all?"

"I certainly do not think so. And why, pray, should May not marry suitably? She has plenty of time before her."

"But she is twenty-six, Granny! And she says she never meets any men who can marry. They are nearly all boys who come to these dances with their sisters, or with parties; and at home she only meets curates or quite old men. That's what she says herself."

"Well, if she likes to marry Mr. Jerrold it is no affair of ours. In any case, I would rather you did not go to this dance—unless you particularly wish to do so."

"Oh no," said Caroline evenly. "I really don't mind much whether I go or not. And I am sure May Sawyer would rather that I did not!"

She laughed, and the laugh and the words revealed, unpleasantly, to Lady Wendover that Caroline was well aware of having found greater favor in the eyes of young Mr. Jerrold than had her friend Miss Sawyer.

Lady Wendover had feared that the

young man was attracted by Caroline, and naturally, she concluded, his people would prefer him to marry an officer's daughter, who was also the granddaughter of a distinguished Indian official, and the great-granddaughter of a still more distinguished General, rather than ally himself with the family of an ordinary clergyman of no particular origin, infinitely superior though the Sawyers, of course, were to the Jerrolds. Hence this dance invitation, enclosed with a gushingly apologetic and, it seemed to Lady Wendover, a very vulgar note from the young man's mother.

Had anyone accused Lady Wendover of being a snob in this particular circumstance she would no doubt have defended herself with the humble remark that perhaps she was old-fashioned, at the same time implying that nothing would ever persuade her to change her point of view. She belonged to a class that is sharply conscious of social distance—people who have no more ambition to ascend into a rank that is obviously above their own than they desire to descend into a world that is beneath them. It is a species of caste instinct that has helped to breed soldiers and sailors and governing officials, rendering them of incalculable value to the Empire, because it keeps them comparatively poor, forcing them to gain their livelihood on or across the seas, and to take wives from among their own kind when they can afford to marry with any degree of comfort.

"There is the gong!" Caroline sprang from the bed. "I'll give grandpa his breakfast and send you up yours."

She handed the offending invitation back to her grandmother, and went cheerfully out of the room without a trace of rebellion or discontent in her bearing at having been denied an evening's amusement.

"She is a dear, good girl," thought



Lady Wendover remorsefully, though she did not regret her decision. "And she really has the nicest disposition."

That, also, was the opinion of everyone who knew Caroline Gordon.

"She is such a nice girl," said her grandparents' friends and contemporaries—retired Generals, and ex-Lieutenant Governors, and Members of Council, and former Secretaries to Government—who, with or without wives, came to tea frequently, and to Sunday luncheon parties that began with soup, and always included roast beef on account of the kitchen. They thought her "not exactly pretty," but approved of her demure, rather early-Victorian appearance, which was enhanced by the manner in which she arranged her hair—unwaved, and parted in the middle—and her clothes, which lacked style and discrimination. They all considered her "old for her age," by which they did not mean "forward."

Caroline might have been born with old-fashioned tendencies, but probably her characteristics were due to the accidents of her surroundings, for her life had been passed in contact with people much senior to herself, with but little relief in the form of young companionship. Nineteen years ago her grandparents, retiring from Indian service, had taken charge of her as a motherless infant; a few years later their son-in-law, Major Gordon, of the Indian Army, was killed in a frontier expedition, and the child's welfare had become the concern, undividedly, of Sir James Wendover, K.C.S.I., and of Lady Wendover, his wife. The Gordons were a scattered and impecunious people, serving in the Army and Navy. It was much better, they all agreed, when the news of poor Richard Gordon's death came home, that his child should remain with the Wendovers, who had plenty of room and were settled, and could bring her up decently—

especially as they were anxious to keep her!

So the Wendovers kept her, and brought her up quite "decently." First she had an elderly nurse, who called her Miss Caroline from the beginning, discouraging, as time went on, diminutives such as Cara, and Carol, and Carrie. Then, when Nurse had taught her charge to read and write, and say her catechism, and hem pocket-handkerchiefs, an elderly widow with deprecating manners, who walked on her toes, came in the mornings to administer more advanced education. Nurse's jealousy was appeased by the toadying she received from this decayed gentlewoman, who called her "Mrs.," and was so humbly and appropriately grateful for the cup of cocoa and biscuits at half-past eleven, when Miss Caroline had her glass of milk.

Subsequently this apologetic person was supplanted by a really well-informed spinster, whose method of teaching was thorough, if out of date, who induced Caroline to practise steadily, to read and translate, and take an intelligent interest in history and literature. Finding her pupil's brain quick and alert, she perhaps forgot the little girl's actual years; her own cultivated, old-fashioned intellect brightened under the stimulus of Caroline's receptivity, and gave of its treasures to the impressionable child mind. Together they read Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot; they visited galleries and museums, and places of historic interest. And the years passed in peaceful monotony until it was considered time for Caroline to have finishing lessons in music and languages and drawing; and the daily governess was then no longer needed. Nurse had retired to live with her widower brother in the country, the spinster was passed on to a friend of Lady Wendover, and a severe maid escorted Caroline to lec-



tures and music lessons, and a carefully selected art school, till her education was pronounced complete.

Nothing particular ever happened. Uncles and aunts, and small cousins, came and went. Caroline was busy, as she imagined, learning; in reality, she was only attempting to learn, but her smatterings occupied her time and her thoughts that otherwise might have been less well directed, though occasionally her mode of life induced in her a sort of reaction of mind that caused a desire for events, for experience, for adventure, of which she was fully conscious.

It was past dinner-time. In the kitchen fried soles and roast mutton were spoiling; upstairs in the drawing-room Sir James and Lady Wendover and Caroline Gordon listened for the front-door bell. Sir James affected to study a newspaper; Lady Wendover trifled with some wool and a large bone crochet-hook; Caroline read a magazine.

The room betokened the dwelling of a retired Indian official. Back and front drawing-rooms were thrown into one, so securing space and air. An effect of luxury was conveyed by carved screens, gleaming brass and silver work, Indian tables and embroideries, and the Oriental rugs that were spread upon the parquet floor. A tall palm sprouted from a brass vessel on a stand in the bow window; this was repeated in the back room, that overlooked the correct gardens, now dark with night and the fog. A stuffed boaconstrictor held an electric lamp in its mouth. Fixed to the walls were innumerable brackets of carved or inlaid wood; upon them were ranged Hindu gods, colored clay models of Indian servants, blue and white pottery, and other specimens of Indian art-work. Large framed photographs hung symmetrically from the picture rail—Indian princes in robes and jewels, Eng-

lishmen in civil and military uniforms, women on horseback, groups of people in front of tents and bungalows and beneath monstrous trees. It was a room that from a housemaid's point of view must have been exceedingly troublesome to "do" and "keep." It had cost Lady Wendover many a housemaid.

Sir James said, "Hark!" and put down the paper. It was not the door bell after all, but now the atmosphere of pretended patience was dispelled. Lady Wendover threw a piece of wood on the fire, not that she approved of wood, because it made so much dust, but it gave a nice blaze and saved the coal. Then she swept the hearth unnecessarily with a little brass-handled brush, feeling agitated and put out. Bedrooms had been made ready, fires lit; a dinner such as people newly arrived from India would appreciate had been prepared—no fowls, everything fresh, a careful selection of food essentially English and appetizing—and now it would all be hopelessly overcooked owing to the unexpected lateness of the travellers.

"The fog has delayed them." This Lady Wendover had remarked many times during the last three hours. She also repeated that it was a very long way from the docks; and she reverted to questions, now many weeks old, such as how unlucky it was that Francis could not have got his leave at a better time of year; and how, though they were wise to come round by sea instead of overland from Marseilles, on account of Frankie and the ayah, it would cut short their few weeks in England—and so on.

Sir James began to pace the room. He moved rather stiffly; cold and damp affected his joints, though he tried to ignore the fact; and, indeed, he was a wonderfully vigorous old gentleman. Winter and summer he still persisted in his walk before break-

fast—a constant grievance with the servants, entailing, as it did, tea and hot water at unreasonable hours. As he marched towards the door, and back again, he looked very like the picture of his father that hung on the wall opposite the fireplace—a fierce, high-nosed old General, in a bygone Indian uniform, his hand on his sword-hilt, and in the background a medley of sepoy, and camels, and tents, and elephants.

The door opened, and a tall parlor-maid inquired, resentment in her tone, what was to be done about dinner.

"It must be kept hot," replied her mistress, equally hostile, and the servant retreated.

"How tiresome they are!" Lady Wendover complained. "Don't you remember in India the dinner used to be just put into the hot-case, and everything came out all right at any hour? Servants at home are so un-resourceful. I know I shall have endless trouble with them while Rose and Francis and the child are with us, in spite of my giving extra help in the kitchen and upstairs!"

Then the visitors' bell did ring, and they all three hurried out of the room and down the stairs. Thick yellow fog rolled into the hall through the open door. Two taxi-cabs laden with luggage were drawn up at the edge of the pavement, and the authoritative voice of Francis Wendover could be heard raised in argument above the noise of the machinery. Presently a dismal procession entered. Rose Wendover, enveloped in wraps, cold and tired; Frankie behind her, in a great-coat that looked too small for him, and a cap that was much too large and almost obscured his little white face. Then a stout ayah, with a scarlet shawl over her head, and grimy, voluminous skirts. Finally came Francis, stamping cold feet, digging in his pockets for money, counting the innu-

merable boxes, and canvas bags, and hold-alls that were rapidly blocking the narrow entrance hall.

Much in the way of greeting was not possible amid the confusion of arrival. It was several minutes before the hall door could be closed, and everybody had collected in Sir James' comfortable study at the back of the house—a room in which horns and skins and antiquated weapons predominated. Then there were embracings and inquiries and explanations about the lateness of the steamer and the train to Liverpool Street, and the fog.

Caroline tried to peel off Frankie's coat: the sleeves turned inside out and imprisoned his numbed little hands in the cuffs, so that it was a work of some difficulty to free them. At first inclined to whimper in his new surroundings, he was soon smiling reluctantly as Caroline pulled and jerked, and pretended to fall over when the coat suddenly came away. The child felt attracted to his cousin with the bright eyes and white teeth, and pretty pink color in her cheeks; he clung to her with clammy fingers and upturned face, sniffing distressfully, till she found his handkerchief and dabbed his nose.

"Last time I saw you," she told him, "you were a little, tiny, weeney baby."

This appeared to astonish Frankie as much as if she had told him he had been a monkey on that occasion.

"How big?" he said mistrustfully, for the word "little" is usually offensive to one of his age.

Caroline perceived her mistake and hastened to rectify it. She looked at her aunt standing by the fireplace, and smiled as she assured Frankie he was "ever so big."

"And last time you saw me—six years ago—what was I like?" asked Rose Wendover curiously.

Caroline remembered a "grown-up

person" who, to her thirteen-year-old vision, had seemed very remote, rather alarming, but whether plain or beautiful she had never considered; she had only a dim recollection of large, blue eyes, and a vivid complexion. Now she saw a thin, pale woman, with a long neck, and eyes that were large and blue, certainly, but weary, indifferent. The hand that rested on the mantelpiece was frail and narrow, and the rings hung loosely on the fingers.

"I don't think you have changed much," said Caroline with tact, "but I was only a little girl then."

"And now you are a young lady," interposed Francis Wendover, "and think you know better than anybody else, I suppose?"

Caroline at least remembered her uncle very distinctly. She had seen him at intervals previous to his marriage, and had always disliked him. She now thought his regular features, black moustache, and small, restless eyes most unattractive. She saw no necessity to answer his facetious and unpleasant remark. She offered to take Frankie upstairs. The child protested shrilly, and a scene resulted.

"I had better take him," said Mrs. Wendover. "I expect Ayah is up there, and he can have a bath and some bread and milk, and go to bed. He's tired out."

Lady Wendover looked apprehen-

(To be continued.)

sively at the clock. "As soon as you are ready, we will have dinner, Rose."

"I must have a hot bath before dinner," said Francis, in a tone that would admit of no opposition, "and I expect Rose would like one, too."

"I can wait for mine till I go to bed." Rose's concession was a relief to Lady Wendover, but it was followed by a protest that in any case she must be allowed to change her dress before she sat down to dinner. Both she and Francis appeared serenely unaware that they could be creating the smallest derangement in the household.

They went upstairs to find the ayah tearfully indignant and lamenting, and the young nurse, engaged by Lady Wendover, inclined to hysterics over the Indian woman's "black face" and "outlandish talk." Lady Wendover felt thankful that the ayah was to sail again for India with an outgoing family within the next few days.

"No kettley no e-spoon got," the ayah was complaining. "Meelk an' wahter want it making ready food for Babba. Bokkus gone lost."

And, indeed, it was then discovered that the boxes and bags and bundles had all been distributed wrongly in the bedrooms, and the maids had to be recalled from the basement to help set matters right. It was late before a meal, in ruins, was served and eaten in the dining-room.

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

### XIII. CONCERT PITCH.

We have only two topics of conversation now—the date of our departure, and our destination. Both are wrapped in mystery so profound that our range of speculation is practically unlimited.

Conjecture rages most fiercely in the

Officers' Mess, which is in touch with sources of unreliable information not accessible to the rank and file. The humblest subaltern appears to be possessed of a friend at court, or a cousin in the Foreign Office, or an aunt in the Intelligence Department, from

whom he can derive fresh and entirely different information each week-end leave.

Master Cockerell, for instance, has it straight from the Horse Guards that we are going out next week—as a single unit, to be brigaded with two seasoned regiments in Flanders. He has a considerable following.

Then comes Waddell, who has been informed by the Assistant sub-Editor of an evening journal widely read in his native Dundee, that *The First Hundred Thousand* are to sit here, eating the bread of impatience, until *The First Half Million* are ready. Thereupon we shall break through our foe-man's line at a point hitherto unasailed and known only to the scribe of Dundee, and proceed to roll up the German Empire as if it were a carpet, into some obscure corner of the continent of Europe.

Bobby Little, not the least of whose gifts is a soaring imagination, has mapped out a sort of strategical Cook's Tour for us, beginning with the sack of Constantinople, and ending, after a glorified route-march up the Danube and down the Rhine, which shall include a pitched battle once a week and a successful siege once a month, with a "circus" entry into Potsdam.

Captain Wagstaffe offers no opinion, but darkly recommends us to order pith helmets. However, we are rather suspicious of Captain Wagstaffe these days. He suffers from an over-developed sense of humor.

The rank and file keep closer to earth in their prognostications. In fact, some of them cleave to the dust. With them it is a case of hope deferred. Quite half of them enlisted under the firm belief that they would forthwith be furnished with a rifle and ammunition and despatched to a vague place called "the front," there to take pot-shots at the Kaiser. That was in early August. It is now early

April, and they are still here, performing monotonous evolutions and chafing under the bonds of discipline. Small wonder that they have begun to doubt, these simple souls, if they are ever going out at all. Private M'Slaterry put the general opinion in a nutshell.

"This regiment," he announced, "is no' for the front at all. We're jist tae bide here for tae be inspeckit by Chinese Ministers and other heathen bodies!"

This withering summary of the situation was evoked by the fact that we had once been called out, and kept on parade for two hours in a north-east wind, for the edification of a bevy of spectacled dignitaries from the Far East. For the Scottish artisan the word "minister," however, has only one significance; so it is probable that M'Slaterry's strictures were occasioned by sectarian, rather than racial, prejudice.

Still, whatever our ultimate destination and fate may be, the fact remains that we are now as fit for active service as seven months' relentless schooling, under make-believe conditions, can render us. We shall have to begin all over again, we know, when we find ourselves up against the real thing, but we have at least been thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of our profession. We can endure hail, rain, snow, and vapor; we can march and dig with the best; we have mastered the first principles of musketry; we can advance in an extended line without losing touch or bunching; and we have ceased to regard an order as an insult, or obedience as a degradation. We eat when we can, and what we get, and we sleep wherever we happen to find ourselves lying. That is something. But there are certain military accomplishments which can only be taught us by the enemy. Taking cover, for instance. When the thin, intermittent crackle of blank ammunition shall have

been replaced by the whistle of real bullets, we shall get over our predilection for sitting up and taking notice. The conversation of our neighbor, or the deplorable antics of B Company on the neighboring sky-line, will interest us not at all. We shall get down, and stay down.

We shall also be relieved of the necessity of respecting the property of those exalted persons who surround their estates with barbed wire, and put up notices, even now, warning off troops. At present we either crawl painfully through that wire, tearing our kilts and lacerating our legs, or go round another way. "Oot there," such unwholesome deference will be a thing of the past. Would that the wire-setters were going out with us. We would give them the place of honor in the forefront of battle!

We have fired a second musketry course, and are now undergoing Divisional Training, with the result that we take our walks abroad several thousand strong, greatly to the derangement of local traffic.

Considered all round, Divisional Training is the pleasantest form of soldiering that we have yet encountered. We parade bright and early, at full battalion strength, accompanied by our scouts, signallers, machine-guns, and transport; and march off at the appointed minute to the starting-point. Here we slip into our place in an already moving column, with three thousand troops in front of us and another two thousand behind, and tramp to our point of deployment. We feel pleasantly thrilled. We are no longer a battalion out on a route-march: we are members of a White Army, or a Brown Army, hastening to frustrate the designs of a Blue Army, or a Pink Army, which has landed (according to the General Idea issued from Headquarters) at Portsmouth, and is reported to have slept at Great Snore-

ham, only ten miles away, last night.

Meanwhile our Headquarters Staff is engaged in the not always easy task of "getting into touch" with the enemy—*anglicè*, finding him. It is extraordinary how elusive a force of several thousand troops can be, especially when you are picking your way across a defective half-inch map, and the commanders of the opposing forces cherish dissimilar views as to where the point of encounter is supposed to be. However, contact is at length established; and if it is not time to go home, we have a battle.

Various things may now happen to you. You may find yourself detailed for the Firing-line. In that case your battalion will take open order; and you will advance, principally upon your stomach, over hill and dale until you encounter the enemy, doing likewise. Both sides then proceed to discharge blank ammunition into one another's faces at a range, if possible, of about five yards, until the "cease fire" sounds.

Or you may find yourself in Support. In that case you are held back until the battle has progressed a stage or two, when you advance with fixed bayonets to prod your own firing line into a further display of valor and agility.

Or you may be detailed as Reserve. Membership of Brigade Reserve should be avoided. You are liable to be called upon at any moment to forsake the sheltered wood or lee of a barn under which you are huddling, and double madly up a hill or along a side-road, tripping heavily over ingenious entanglements composed of the telephone wires of your own signallers, to enfilade some unwary detachment of the enemy or repel a flank attack. On the other hand, if you are ordered to act as Divisional Reserve, you may select the softest spot on the hillside behind which you are sheltering, get out your haversack ration, and prepare



to spend an extremely peaceful (or extremely dull) day. Mimic warfare enjoys one enormous advantage over the genuine article: battles—provided you are not out for the night—*must always* end in time for the men to get back to their dinners at five o'clock. Under this inexorable law it follows that, by the time the General has got into touch with the enemy and brought his firing-line, supports, and local reserves into action, it is time to go home. So about three o'clock the bugles sound, and the combatants, hot and grimy, fall back into close order at the point of deployment, where they are presently joined by the Divisional Reserve, blue-faced and watery-eyed with cold. This done, principals and understudies, casting envious glances at one another, form one long column of route and set out for home, in charge of the subalterns. The senior officers trot off to the "pow-wow," there, with the utmost humility and deference, to extol their own tactical dispositions, belittle the achievements of the enemy, and impugn the veracity of one another.

Thus the day's work ends. Our divisional column, with its trim, sturdy, infantry battalions, its jingling cavalry and artillery, its real live staff, and its imposing transport train, sets us thinking, by sheer force of contrast, of that dim and distant time seven months ago, when we wrestled perspiringly all through long and hot September days, on a dusty barrack-square, with squad upon squad of dazed and refractory barbarians, who only ceased shuffling their feet in order to expectorate. And these are the self-same men! Never was there a more complete vindication of the policy of pegging away.

## II.

So much for the effect of its training upon the regiment as a whole. But when you come to individuals, certain

of whom we have encountered and studied in this rambling narrative, you find it impossible to generalize. Your one unshakable conclusion is that it takes all sorts to make a type.

There are happy, careless souls like McLeary and Hogg. There are conscientious but slow-moving worthies like Mucklewame and Budge. There are drunken wasters like—well, we need name no names. We have got rid of most of these, thank heaven! There are simple-minded enthusiasts of the breed of Wee Pe'er, for whom the sheer joy of "sojering" still invests dull routine and hard work with a glamour of their own. There are the old hands, versed in every labor-saving (and duty-shirking) device. There are the feckless and muddle-headed, making heavy weather of the simplest tasks. There is another class, which divides its time between rising to the position of sergeant and being reduced to the ranks, for causes which need not be specified. There is yet another, which knows its drill-book backwards, and can grasp the details of tactical scheme as quickly as a seasoned officer, but remains in the ruck because it has not sufficient force of character to handle so much as a sentry-group. There are men, again, with initiative but no endurance, and others with endurance but no initiative. Lastly, there are men, and a great many of them, who appear to be quite incapable of coherent thought, yet can handle machinery or any mechanical device to a marvel. Yes, we are a motley organization.

But the great sifting and sorting machine into which we have been cast is shaking us all up into our appointed places. The efficient and authoritative rise to non-commissioned rank. The quick-witted and well-educated find employment on the Orderly Room staff, or among the

scouts and signallers. The handy are absorbed in the transport, or become machine-gunners. The sedentary take post as cooks, or tailors, or officers' servants. The waster hews wood and draws water and empties swill-tubs. The great, mediocre, undistinguished majority merely go to stiffen the rank and file, and right nobly they do it. Each has his niche.

To take a few examples we may begin with a typical member of the undistinguished majority. Such an one is that esteemed citizen of Wishaw, John Mucklewame. He is a rank-and-file man by training and instinct, but he forms a rare backbone for K(1). There are others, of more parts—Killick, for instance. Not long ago he was living softly, and driving a Rolls-Royce for a Duke. He is now a machine-gun sergeant, and a very good one. There is Dobie. He is a good mechanic, but short-legged and short-winded. He makes an excellent armorer.

Then there is Private Mellish. In his company roll he is described as "an actor." But his orbit in the theatrical firmament has never carried him outside his native Dunoon, where he follows the blameless but monotonous calling of a cinematograph operator. On enlistment he invited the attention of his platoon from the start by referring to his rear-rank man as "this young gentleman"; and despite all the dissuading influences of barrack-room society, his manners never fell below this standard. In a company where practically every man is addressed either as "Jock" or "Jimmy" he created a profound and lasting sensation one day, by saying in a winning voice to Private Ogg—

"Do not stand on ceremony with me, Mr. Ogg. Call me Cyril!"

For such an exotic there could only be one destination, and in due course Cyril became an officer's servant. He

now polishes the buttons and washes the hose-tops of Captain Wagstaffe; and his elegant extracts amuse that student of human nature exceedingly.

Then comes a dour, silent, earnest specimen, whose name, incredible as it may appear, is M'Ostrich. He keeps himself to himself. He never smiles. He is not an old soldier, yet he performed like a veteran the very first day he appeared on parade. He carries out all orders with solemn thoroughness. He does not drink; he does not swear. His nearest approach to animation comes at church, where he sings the hymns—especially *O God, our help in ages past!*—as if he were author and composer combined. His harsh, rasping accent is certainly not that of a Highlander, nor does it smack altogether of the Clydeside. As a matter of fact he is not a Scotsman at all, though five out of six of us would put him down as such. Altogether he is a man of mystery; but the regiment could do with many more such.

Once, and only once, did he give us a peep behind the scenes. Private Burke, of D Company, a cheery soul, who possesses the entirely Hibernian faculty of being able to combine a most fanatical and seditious brand of Nationalism with a genuine and ardent enthusiasm for the British Empire, one day made a contemptuous and ribald reference to the Ulster Volunteers and their leader. M'Ostrich, who was sitting on his bedding at the other side of the hut, promptly rose to his feet, crossed the floor in three strides, and silently felled the humorist to the earth. Plainly, if M'Ostrich comes safe through the war, he is prepared for another and grimmer campaign.

Lastly, that Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, Private Dunshie. As already recorded, Dunshie's original calling had been that of a street news-

vendor. Like all literary men, he was a Bohemian at heart. Routine wearied him; discipline galled him; the sight of work made him feel faint. After a month or two in the ranks he seized the first opportunity of escaping from the toils of his company, by volunteering for service as a Scout. A single experience of night operations in a dark wood, previously described, decided him to seek some milder employment. Observing that the regimental cooks appeared to be absolved, by virtue of their office, not only from all regimental parades, but from all obligations on the subject of correct attire and personal cleanliness, he volunteered for service in the kitchen. Here for a space—clad in shirt, trousers, and canvas shoes, unutterably greasy and waxing fat—he prospered exceedingly. But one sad day he was detected by the cook-sergeant, having just finished cleaning a flue, in the act of washing his hands in ten gallons of B Company's soup. Once more our versatile hero found himself turned adrift with brutal and agonizing suddenness, and bidden to exercise his talents elsewhere.

After a fortnight's uneventful dreariness with his platoon, Dunshie joined the machine-gunners, because he had heard rumors that these were conveyed to and from their labors in limbered wagons. But he had been misinformed. It was the guns that were carried; the gunners invariably walked, sometimes carrying the guns and the appurtenances thereof. His very first day Dunshie was compelled to double across half a mile of boggy heathland carrying two large stones, meant to represent ammunition-boxes, from an imaginary wagon to a dummy gun. It is true that as soon as he was out of sight of the corporal he deposited the stones upon the ground, and ultimately proffered two others, picked up on nearing his destination, to the sergeant

in charge of the proceedings; but even thus the work struck him as unreasonably exacting, and he resigned, by the simple process of cutting his next parade and being ignominiously returned to his company.

After an unsuccessful application for employment as a "buzzer," or signaller, Dunshie made trial of the regimental transport, where there was a shortage of drivers. He had strong hopes that in this way he would attain to permanent carriage exercise. But he was quickly undeceived. Instead of being offered a seat upon the box of a G.S. wagon, he was bidden to walk behind the same, applying the brake when necessary, for fourteen miles. The next day he spent cleaning stables, under a particularly officious corporal. On the third, he was instructed in the art of grooming a mule. On the fourth, he was left to perform his feat unaided, and the mule, acting under extreme provocation, kicked him in the stomach. On the fifth day he was returned to his company.

But Mecca was at hand. That very morning Dunshie's company commander received the following ukase from headquarters:—

*Officers commanding Companies will render to the Orderly Room without fail, by 9 A.M. to-morrow, the name of one man qualified to act as chiropodist to the Company.*

Major Kemp scratched his nose in a dazed fashion, and looked over his spectacles at his Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"What in thunder will they ask for next?" he growled. "Have we got any tame chiropodists in the company, Rae?"

Quartermaster-Sergeant Rae turned over the Company roll.

"There is no—no—no man of that profession here, sirr," he reported, after scanning the document. "But," he added optimistically, "there is a

machine-fitter and a glass-blower. Will I warn one of them?"

"I think we had better call for a volunteer first," said Major Kemp tactfully.

Accordingly, that afternoon upon parade, platoon commanders were bidden to hold a witch hunt and smell out a chiropodist. But the enterprise terminated almost immediately; for Private Dunshie, caressing his injured abdomen in Number Three Platoon, heard the invitation, and quickly stepped forward.

"So you are a chiropodist as well as everything else, Dunshie!" said Ayling incredulously.

"That's right, sirr," assented Dunshie politely.

"Are you a professional?"

"No exactly that, sirr," was the modest reply.

"You just make a hobby of it?"

"Just that, sirr."

"Have you had much experience?"

"No that much."

"But you feel capable of taking on the job?"

"I do, sirr."

"You seem quite eager about it."

"Yes, sirr," said Dunshie, with gusto.

A sudden thought occurred to Ayling.

"Do you know what a chiropodist is?" he asked.

"No, sirr," replied Dunshie with unabated aplomb.

To do him justice, the revelation of the nature of his prospective labors made no difference whatever to Dunshie's willingness to undertake them. Now, upon Saturday mornings, when men stand stiffly at attention beside their beds to have their feet inspected, you may behold, sweeping majestically in the wake of the Medical Officer as he makes his rounds, the swelling figure of Private Dunshie, carrying the implements of his gruesome trade. He has found his vocation at last, and his

bearing in consequence is something between that of a Court Physician and a Staff Officer.

### III.

So much for the rank and file. Of the officers we need only say that the old hands have been a godsend to our young regiment; while the juniors, to quote their own Colonel, have learned as much in six months as the average subaltern learns in three years; and whereas in the old days a young officer could always depend on his platoon sergeant to give him the right word of command or instruct him in company routine, the positions are now in many cases reversed. But that by the way. The outstanding feature of the relationship between officers and men during all this long, laborious, sometimes heart-breaking winter has been this—that, despite the rawness of our material and the novelty of our surroundings, in the face of difficulties which are now happily growing dim in our memory, the various ranks have never quite given up trying, never altogether lost faith, never entirely forgotten the Cause which has brought us together. And the result—the joint result—of it all is a real live regiment, with a *morale* and soul of its own.

But so far everything has been purely suppositious. We have no knowledge as to what our real strength or weakness may be. We have run our trial trips over a landlocked stretch of smooth water. To-morrow, when we steam out to face the tempest which is shaking the foundations of the world, we shall see what we shall see. Some of us, who at present are exalted for our smartness and efficiency, will indubitably be found wanting—wanting in stamina of body or soul—while others, hitherto undistinguished, will come to their own. Only War itself can discover the qualities which count in War. But we silently pray, in our

dour and inarticulate hearts, that the supreme British virtue—the virtue of holding on, and holding on, and holding on, until our end is accomplished—may not be found wanting in a single one of us.

To take a last survey of the regiment which we have created—one little drop in the incredible wave which has rolled with gathering strength from end to end of this island of ours during the past six months, and now hangs ready to crash upon the gates of our enemies—what manner of man has it produced? What is he like, this impromptu Thomas Atkins?

Well, when he joined, his outstanding feature was a sort of surly independence, the surliness being largely based upon the fear of losing the independence. He has got over that now. He is no longer morbidly sensitive about his rights as a free and independent citizen and the backbone of the British electorate. He has bigger things to think of. He no longer regards sergeants as upstart slave-drivers—frequently he is a sergeant himself—nor officers as grinding capitalists. He is undergoing the experience of the rivets in Mr. Kipling's story of *The Ship that Found Herself*. He is adjusting his perspectives. He is beginning to merge himself in the Regiment.

He no longer gets drunk from habit. When he does so now, it is because there were no potatoes at dinner, or because there has been a leak in the roof of his hut for a week and no one is attending to it, or because his wife is not receiving her separation allowance. Being an inarticulate person, he finds getting drunk the simplest and most effective expedient for acquainting the powers that be with the fact that he has a grievance. Formerly, the morning list of "drunks" merely reflected the nearness or remoteness of pay-day. Now, it is a most reliable

and invaluable barometer of the regimental atmosphere.

He has developed—quite spontaneously, for he has had few opportunities for imitation—many of the characteristics of the regular soldier. He is quick to discover himself aggrieved, but is readily appeased if he feels that his officer is really doing his best for him, and that both of them are the victims of a higher power. On the other hand, he is often amazingly cheerful under uncomfortable and depressing surroundings. He is growing quite fastidious, too, about his personal appearance when off duty. (You should see our quiffs on Saturdays!) He is quite incapable of keeping possession of his clothing, his boots, his rifle, his health, or anything that is his, without constant supervision and nurse-maiding. And that he is developing a strong bent towards the sentimental is evinced by the choruses that he sings in the gloaming and his taste in picture post-cards.

So far he may follow the professional model, but in other respects he is quite *sui generis*. No sergeant in a Highland regiment of the line would ever refer to a Cockney private, with all humility, as "a young English gentleman"; neither would an ordinary soldier salute an officer quite correctly with one hand while employing the other to light his pipe. In "K(1)" we do these things and many others, which give us a *cachet* of our own of which we are very rightly and properly proud.

So we pin our faith to the man who has been at once our despair and our joy since the month of August. He has character; he has grit; and now that he is getting discipline as well, he is going to be an everlasting credit to the cause which roused his manhood and the land which gave him birth.

That is the tale of The First



One Hundred Thousand—Part One. Whether Part Two will be forthcoming, and how much of it there will

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be, depends upon two things—the course of history, and the present historian's eye for cover.

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(APRIL 24TH, 1815 — DECEMBER 6TH, 1882.)

Having all my life lived in an atmosphere of appreciation of Anthony Trollope, it is to me a matter of very great interest to reflect on the question—Will this solid novelist survive? He has now lived over one hundred years. If you were to mention his name in mixed circles in 2015, would the *intelligentia* understand whom you were talking about? Trollope's characters do not go very far with the present generation. They have heard of Mrs. Proudle. But Mr. Chaffanbrass means little to them, no *cause célèbre* is suggested to their minds when you speak of Lady Mason or Phineas Finn. They could not tell you what John Caldigate was tried for or what befell the Eustace Diamonds. The interrogation we once thought so sparkling, "Is he Popenjoy?" leaves them cold. Lily Dale seems to them a little bit dowdy, Lucy Robarts they tolerate, especially those who remember her in her crinoline as depicted by Millais, but they cannot stand Mr. Moulder, or Mr. Quiverful—a name as repulsive I admit, as Marryat's Captain Oxbelly—and they are more than dubious about the verisimilitude of Mr. Slope. Trollope, by the way, was much more literary in his earlier novels than in his later. In "Barchester Towers" he develops the very improbable hypothesis that Mr. Slope was descended from Dr. Slope in "Tristram Shandy," and he also goes out of his way to ridicule Disraeli by his contemptuous reference to Sidonia as a usurer, and one of the most rapacious of his tribe. In "The Warden," in his

capacity of Titmarshian, he burlesques Dickens as Mr. Popular Sentiment. It has to be remembered, though, that Trollope was at that time a sort of rival of Edmund Yates—another Post Office wit, and one of Dickens's chief adulators and aides-de-camp.

Trollope has received tremendous praise from contemporary critics and admirers of the old literary order. It is superfluous, perhaps, to enumerate Hawthorne, Henry James, Frederick Harrison, Frewen Lord, Lewis Melville, G. S. Street and A. B. Walkley. It is ominous, though, that two strenuous admirers in the old century, Leslie Stephen and Herbert Paul, put him to the test of the new, and found him conspicuously wanting. Some of the later writers on Victorian fiction have passed him over with the scantiest courtesy. When I think of the cupidity with which a new Trollope was eyed by the older generation, the solidarity of Trollope learning as it existed in the 'eighties, and the general indifference now, I must avow that, staunch Trollopean though I was myself, I am more than doubtful if when the *Gros Bourdon* of the twentieth century ringeth to evensong, there will be much of Trollope left to remembrance save the mere name. That he will survive in *morceaux*, and be exploited to their own immeasurable benefit by the social historians of the future, I regard as certain. But it is equally inevitable, I think, that the Highbrows and the Higher Criticism of the next sixty years will decry Trollope as no artist, a writer with less than no ideas, and

that he will be increasingly neglected. A generation will arise who will know nothing whatever of the diversion we derived from "Ravenshoe" and "Johnny Ludlow," from the "Chronicles of Carlingford" from Cherbullez or Marion Crawford. For my part I pity them. They have my profound sympathy. Trollope wrote most kinds of prose. Did he ever write a line of poetry? I admit I do not know, but should as soon expect a volume of poems from a superintendent of police. Among his works is an "Autobiography" which deserves to be read, and is as a matter of fact quite interesting, interesting in the same way as the "Life of George Grossmith" as the record of a public entertainer. It was in this unpretentious way that Trollope envisaged his existence. To have called him an artist would have been to evoke his rancorous disclaimer of any such fantastic and effeminate description. The evolution of the shy, clumsy, loutish and unappreciated youth and then the awkward hobbledohoy, always in debt and a disgrace to his department in the Civil Service, into the iron-willed, industrious, aggressive and self-confident, bouncing and barking prosperous official, club habitu , hunting man and popular novelist is one of the most astonishing on deliberate and authentic record. At the close he philosophizes a little, gives a brief sketch of his fellow novelists, and goes on to tell us much about his literary motives and unromantic methods of work. The only parallel to it as a disillusioning document is "The Truth about an Author" by Arnold Bennett. When he tells us how he rose at 5 and ticked off 250 words by the clock every quarter of an hour until it was time for breakfast at 8.30, Trollope plumed himself greatly on his candor and veracity. A reliable literary artisan with a reputation to maintain for punctuality, he treated this part of his tale

as a trade revelation—henceforth there would be less humbug talked about inspiration and nonsense of that sort.

He was cautious in one respect—the autobiography was published posthumously. But it did his literary reputation a bad turn. The public was irrepressibly inclined to say, "Oh, that's how it is done, is it. Well! so much for that!" Trollope's industry was an equivalent to that of Scott. His energy and iron will enabled him to lead a double life just as Scott did. For three hours while you and I were asleep he developed his narrative, set his characters in action and wove appropriate dialogue. For the rest of the day he was a Postal Magnate, transacted business, travelled *en diplomate*, hunted, went into society and haunted numerous clubs until near midnight or after. What he does not sufficiently explain in his attempt to reduce writing to a question of mere cobblers' wax is the fact that he inherited a remarkable gift of story telling and unvarnished narrative from his mother, the authoress of the "Vicar of Wrexhill" and the "Widow Barnaby," or that his mind was a perfect storage of characters and experience observed for the express purpose of their subservience to the objects of prose fiction. He gestated his plots, and he carried his more vivid characters with him wherever he went. It is a ludicrous mistake to suppose that the great scenes in Trollope were hurriedly conceived or mechanically transcribed to paper. To lay so much stress upon his incomparable fertility and scriptorial industry, as Trollope does in his Memoir, is to commit a grave injustice to the faculty he possessed alike as feuilletonist, character-limner and man of the world.

Trollope was very near to the texture of life. His power resided in the realism which means getting close to the fact and the ordinary or average

type, without making them uninteresting; and as realism gained his value seemed for a time to appreciate. He had an enormous public composed of people who liked to be initiated at second hand into the manners of the upper middle class, and of that class themselves who were amused by the general, if somewhat superficial, fidelity of the likeness. I remember an intellectual clown at Hengler's, of all places, making a sort of rignarole of patter out of the titles of his books, and the product being received by salvos of cheers. So popular was Trollope as the distributor of a sort of vicarious happiness! No one, it is said, since Jane Austen has surpassed him in his power of patient and conscientious portrayal. Though he sometimes allows himself to appear upon the scene in person, a grotesquely unimpressive figure, he was more objective in this respect than either Dickens or Thackeray. Far more than they or even George Eliot, he afforded his generation the peculiar pleasure of seeing in a book what they instantly recognized as familiar in life. Just why, the pleasure may be left to the psychologists, but it is of indisputable charm, and Trollope possesses it. We may talk sapiently and at length of his commonplaceness, lack of spice, Philistinism; he can be counted on to divert us. He lived valiantly up to his own injunction: of all the needs a book has, the chief is that it be readable. A simple test this, but a terrible one—that has slain its thousands. Few nineteenth-century makers of stories are safer in the matter of keeping the attention. You may step from chapter to chapter and from book to book almost without knowing it. The characters and the situations, the clerical conflicts and the hunting scenes repeat themselves again and again. Your interest may not be intense, but it is reluctantly withdrawn. You are always

saying to yourself, "I'll read just one more chapter."

You don't always want *tendens* novels. Trollope sets out in the most systematic way to produce a cycle of stories illustrating certain sections of Palmerstonian England, certain types of English society; steadily, for a lifetime, with the artisan's skilful hand and tireless craft, he labored at his vocation. It is the very antithesis of the erraticisms and irregularities of genius. He went to his daily stunt of work, by night and day, on sea or land, exactly as the merchant goes to his office, the mechanic to his shop. Few conjurors have been able to produce such a diversity of work-a-day world characters from under a hat. He had the faculty of direct, unprejudiced, clear observation, and he trained himself to remember and record whatever he saw and could understand; and he was far less obtuse than he was apt to appear when you met him casually at the Athenæum or the Garrick. Without Barsestshire, it is possible that Wessex would never have materialized. The capital of one is Salisbury, of the other Dorchester. But they are farther apart than this. One is essentially middle-Victorian. The other reveals an ancient land, an indigenous people and a native soil.

The first reason why Trollope's novels will not be remembered, as Jane Austen's or Defoe's are, is on account of the large proportion of verbal alloy that they contain. A great amount of the copy that he turned out during his matutinal vigils was not worth committing. Septimus Harding was a beautiful character, and there is a considerable amount of charm, beauty, almost poetry, about the whole conception of "The Warden" in 1855. But he never got quite so high upon the same plane again. In "Barchester Towers" of 1857 he reached the highest point of relevance, vivacity and accuracy in

delineating character. In these two books, the underplots are present only in embryo. There is a wearisome deal too much about Tom Towers and *The Thunderer* in the first, and about the Thornes of Ullathorne in the second. It is easy to skip these chapters. But the tendency to develop the underplot as a sort of shabby genteel echo of the High Life episodes grew upon Trollope like a malignant disease. "Framley Parsonage" was not so bad, it was a great success, owing a good deal to the prestige of its illustrator Millais, and to the infant *Cornhill Magazine*. The *Cornhill* was to appear in January, 1860, and every kind of arrangement had been made in advance to ensure a complete triumph. But Thackeray, characteristically, had omitted to provide the new argosy with its heavy ballast in the shape of a first-class serial, and it was not until November that under the greatest pressure of urgency Trollope was induced to furnish the serial, under the onerous conditions to any ordinary writer that 20,000 words must be in the printer's hands by December 12th. This was mere child's play to Anthony, who grew despondent, and conscious of "grave irregularity" at once if he were not producing his fifty thousand a month. But two of Trollope's very finest efforts "The Small House at Allington" and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" are appallingly disfigured by underplots of the most tiresome kind which have to be carved out like ulcers, and the cutting out of which postulates a certain amount of surgical skill in a mere reader. His next best effort, "Orley Farm," is vulgarized by the commercial traveller episodes, amusing though they unquestionably are. As he progressed, Trollope became more and more prone to abandon the thread of his narrative and his main characters for description, philosophy or criticism of life. Un-

fortunately, he had no real gift for discerning or appraising the beautiful, no ideas; while as a critic, his standards are grovelling. The in some ways admirable political series, beginning with "Can You Forgive Her?" continuing with "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux," and ending with "The Prime Minister" and "The Duke's Children," to which may be linked up "He Knew he was Right" and "The Way We Live Now," contain less of story and character, the novelist's strong points, and more and more of "life." Trollope seemed to imagine that Planty Palliser, whose career, begun in "The Small House," runs through all these novels, was his chief title to fame. But Planty Pall is an incongruity, he is not a consistent human character. It piqued Trollope to reflect that a pallid automaton of official action like Palliser should have such unrivalled resources and opportunities for satisfying every conceivable appetite that he, in particular, lacked. These books give us political England in the middle of the nineteenth century. Another series depict social life of the same period as revealed in manor and country houses and in cathedral closes and arch-deaconries.

But the way we live now is not the way they lived then. Trollope's world has passed and the number of people who can check his details and his likenesses diminishes daily. The Barsetshire country life has well-nigh disappeared. Parliament and politics have profoundly changed; politicians are no longer venerable; Tom Towers has ceased to exist; we no longer live in a world in which to play croquet on Sunday is regarded as one of the seven deadly sins. What Trollope would have thought of the modern woman, cannot even be surmised. The very idea of a female on the top of an omnibus would have made him faint. Locomotion, communication, clerical and



religious ideas, the standard of life that Trollope knew—all have passed. His work was realized from the outset as dealing pre-eminently with likeness. But the fidelity of his portraiture is becoming increasingly problematic, there are few left to verify it. His figures become more and more shadowy. They will call him a photographer of a dowdy age.

Trollope had great faith in his copiousness, but this will eventually tell against him. He had an ambition to surpass such volcanoes as Vitruvius, Defoe, Smollett, Balzac, Scribe, Dumas, Scott, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Braddon. In one respect he resembled most of them, he degenerated into something at times little removed from drivel. The test of readability would certainly not apply to such a tedious performance as "An Old Man's Love."

Another drawback to Trollope is his lack of ideality. There is no extraneous charm of personality, imagination, wit—no intensity of any kind. If his people are alive, and his fable runs briskly, all is well; but when the machinery gets clogged, and his characters lose color, the coarseness of his mental texture begins to weigh heavily upon the reader, and his copiousness tells against him rather than in his favor. For there is no legend about Trollope to sustain a drooping faculty. Did he weep all night when he killed Mrs. Proudie, as Dumas is said to have done when he had to kill Porthos? We cannot believe it of him!

So it comes about that, in spite of the admitted fidelity to type, the unmitigated commonplaceness of Trollope's characterization begins at a certain point to pall upon the reader, however well disposed he may be by reason of his admitted indebtedness to Trollope in the past as an unrivalled entertainer. He makes it an undeviating principle to keep rigorously to the realities of life. Passion is ruled out

by avarice, and sentiment invariably subordinated to *f. s. d.* This is good as a corrective to too much idealism: but Trollope has too little. Life is often dull, no doubt, and the period of disillusionment only determines with death; but life, too, is often surprising, it does discover heroes and it is, as we all find out, full of the strange and the improbable. The clergy of a period may be worshippers of Mammon, desperately worldly and fatally opulent, but they can hardly be so entirely unspiritual and devoid of religious interest as the Archdeacon and his friends are represented. After reading much about Trollope's prudent, conventional, and extremely wide-awake young ladies, one has a thirst for Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, Jane Eyre or Clara Middleton. Scott had a weakness for sobriety in his heroes and heroines, but Jeanie Deans or The Bride of Lammermoor are romantic indeed by the side of Griselda Gantly or Madeline Staveley.

By the excision of all that is energetic, or eccentric, or impulsive, or romantic, you do not really become more lifelike; you only limit yourself to the common and uninteresting. That misconception injures Trollope's work, and accounts, I suspect, for the decline of our interest. An artist who systematically excludes all lurid colors or strong lights, shows a dingy, whitey-brown universe, and is not therefore more true to nature. Barsestshire surely had its heroes, and its villains, its tragedy and its farce, as well as its archdeacons and young ladies bound hand and foot by the narrowest rules of contemporary propriety.

Nevertheless, there are moods in which one simply longs for something not too bright and not too good for human nature's daily dietary. I belong by right, I suppose, and certainly by affection, to a generation whose favorite darling and ideal heroine was



Lily Dale. She was an unsophisticated dear, pathetically sentimental, but still a Lily. Her simple story is soon told. She fell in love with an odious swell called Adolphus Crosbie, who wanted someone to worship him as Juliette worshipped the sacred and imperial person of Victor Hugo. The Dales were good people, but Lily was portionless, and Crosbie diverted his attention to the Lady Alexandrina de Courcy. Trollope was in love with Lily himself, and London went mad with joy when his literary representative, Johnny Eames, gave Crosbie a black eye, and the two fell struggling over the bookstall on Paddington Station. The Archdeacon, Dean Arabin, Mrs. Grantly, Grace Crawley, the Major, the Bishop and Mrs. Proudle, Mr. Furnival, and a score of other characters—how extraordinarily homely and familiarized they were in the portrait galleries of forty years since.

Trollope's dialogue is in the main a strong point in his favor. It is unmannered, neither too brilliant nor too thin, sustained, and, in the main, lifelike. As a contributor to the great periodicals of his day alone, Trollope deserves a statue, for he was a model contributor. He never blotted a line, never wrote a naughty word or an ambiguous sentence, and above all, he could be absolutely relied on to come up to time. Procrastinating editors like Lewes and Thackeray blessed his name and wrote him big cheques (such as £2,800 for the two-volume "Claverings," which appeared in the *Cornhill* during 1867), without a qualm or a murmur. As in the range of Trollope's characters, so in his style evenness is apt to be compensated by commonplaceness. His style had been praised with discernment, even if a little over praised, by the critic who, perhaps, understood him most familiarly of them all, Mr. Frederick Harrison. He goes to the length of sum-

ming up Trollope's style as limpid, flexible, and melodious. Eloquence, poetry or power, in De Quincey's sense, no; but a plain, serviceable prose, lucid, fluent, harmonious and energetic.

There is no poetic ricochet or associational value about Trollope's choice of words, their direct ballistic value is all that he seems to care about. Within these limits, his accuracy deserves the highest commendation. Such easy reading as he provides conceals a mastery, which we are apt to assess as one of the simplest things in the world. To a man endowed as Trollope was with such narrative power, strong will and assiduity in effort, the gift came insensibly almost, but it is none the less a very valuable possession.

"From the first line to the last [continues the critic just named] the author strikes never a discordant note. We are never worried by a spasmodic phrase, nor bored by fine writing that falls to come off. Nor is there ever a paragraph which we need to read over again, or a phrase that looks obscure, artificial, or enigmatic. This can hardly be said of any other novelist of this century, except of Jane Austen, for even Thackeray himself is now and then artificial in "Esmond," and the vulgarity of "Yellowplush" at last becomes fatiguing. Now Trollope reproduces for us that simplicity, unity, and ease of Jane Austen, whose facile grace flows on like the sprightly talk of a charming woman, mistress of herself and sure of her hearers. This uniform ease, of course, goes with the absence of all the greater qualities of style: passion, poetry, mystery, or subtlety. He never rises to the level of the great masters of language. But, for the ordinary incidents of life amongst well-bred and well-to-do men and women of the world, the form of Trollope's tales is almost as well adapted as the form of Jane Austen. In absolute realism of spoken words Trollope has hardly any equal."

There is little creative about Trollope's work. He was an observer and

narrator in the first instance. On a lower plane he criticized and reflected. He trained himself to remember and set down what he saw; and he also had the constructive ability to shape and carry on his story so as to simulate the effect of growth. With this went the valuable power of sympathetic characterization enabling his

*The Bookman.*

readers to know and understand the people they are expected to take an interest in. Add to this a quiet everyday humor, a vast knowledge of human types, and a style in accordance with the unobtrusive harmony of the picture, and the main elements of Trollope's appeal to his contemporaries have been enumerated.

*Thomas Seccombe.*

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### THE MATE (E).

The destroyer, lying in the harbor, a thing of speed and fire brought to a deep immobility that yet held a menace, loomed as dead to the brilliance of the full moon as if the vessel were close-covered with black velvet. Lightless, she was merged in the darkness she cast upon the dim water. The lines and frames of her wireless kites made triangular patterns upon the scattered stars fainting in the moonlight. Beyond the moving space of sea, gleaming now here and now there with ripples of dull silver, the cæquæ gloom whelming the town was pricked with a few isolated and melancholy lamps. Beyond the harbor, springing from a point invisible, the frayed white beam of a searchlight shone and swayed with a swift mechanical jerk and was steady. In the moonlit silence the chill wind made a little noise like a sharp whisper, continuously sibilant.

Below in the lighted engine-room, an engine-room artificer (called "E.R.A."), clad in blue overalls, moved cat-footed about the maze of white-jacketed pipes and boxed-in turbines and small shining machinery and wheels and gauge-glasses and dials. Inside his head, and present to his mental gaze, was a complete model of the engine-room, differing from the real one in that it was transparent, so that the engine-room artificer beheld the inside

of every pipe and valve and close-fitting, even to the hundreds of steel blades packed together but not touching one another in the turbines, at the same time as he saw the outside. Unconsciously, he was busied in comparing the real engine-room with the transparent model in his brain and in making sure that the real engine-room corresponded with the ideal. So he looked and pondered and made little adjustments here and there; while the thermometer stood at 76°.

Beyond the bulkhead were the stokeholds, one of which was lit, and in it one boiler was roaring mildly, generating just enough energy to maintain the electric light throughout the vessel. In front of the vertical black steel plating stood an engine-room artificer, clad in vest and breeches, his tattooed arms bare from his powerful shoulders. Now and again he slid back a tiny shutter, disclosing a little oblong of light, and peered through into the furnace, where the broad flame of the sprayed oil licked roaring about the cone. Then would the engine-room artificer insert a thin rod of steel with a flanged end and clear the furnace of the caking deposit; and then he closes the tiny shutter, and stands vigilant. Behind him, the piston of the air-pump forcing in the oil jumped smoothly up and down. Above his head worked the piston of the engine

driving the great circular fans, which were silently revolving, high up, behind wire caging.

Aft in the ward-room, the stove in the corner by the leather-cushioned seat glowed a comfortable red. Dinner was over, and the steward had withdrawn the white napery from the regulation black-and-red checked tablecloth. The Mate's red and jovial countenance was bent close upon the box of the ship's gramophone, removed from its lashings in the corner and set upon the table.

"Give us the orchestra at the Trocadero," said the Gunner, who sat at the table, gazing through the smoke of his pipe straight in front of him. "It's good after-dinner music, and the advantage of it is, it's meant to be talked through."

Then arose in that white chamber of steel the thrilling tones of a violin mingled with the resonant piano notes; and it was as if the musicians were playing beneath a coverlet of felt.

"Makes you feel like home, don't it, Doctor?" said the Mate.

"My home is on the rolling deep," returned the pallid medical student, who wore the twisted gold braid of the R.N.R. on his cuffs.

"She has got a roll of her own, not a doubt of it," the Mate went on, with a wink at the Gunner. "Try to forget it, Doc. Think of our battle honors."

The Doctor glanced at the big photograph of the destroyer, clamped to the bulkhead. A name and a date were written in ink on the gold frame.

"The enemy surrendered," he said sadly.

The First Lieutenant turned a rosy face upon him from the arm-chair.

"Don't be bloodthirsty, Doctor," he said. "After all, you've seen something you may not see again."

"I saw the guns' crews forget to man the guns," said the Gunner, with a chuckle.

"What was it the Chief said after the action, Number One?" asked the Mate.

"Ask him," said the First Lieutenant. "Where is he?"

"Caressin' his engines and tucking them up for the night," said the Mate. "We'll ask him when he comes back."

In the silence, the muffled violin wailed and sang, and in the minds of the placidly listening men, at peace for one night before putting to sea again, the strains interwove with the memories common to them all. They could not have expressed them in words, considering it, indeed, almost indecent to try to do so. Curious to reflect that in each man's memory, packed together and pressed down, existed a record a million times more minute and detailed than an historian could chronicle, though he wrote every day during all his life. But a part may be unpacked now and again and mirrored in words.

The weeks of winter gales all ran together into one hardly borne and tremendous experience of what at the time seemed of an infinite duration. The long, low, light vessel, with her own peculiar roll, used a combination of pitch and roll joined by a disconcerting twist. Every movable article in the ship was lashed tight. The leaping decks were continually swept by seas; the reeling funnels stooped to the crest of the waves; all hatches were battened down; but as the vessel rolled, the water poured down the ventilating cowls. And so on, for days and nights without rest or pause. The cooked food for the ward-room was all carried along the deck aft from the galley under the fore-bridge, in darkness as well as in daylight, in and out among hatches, cowls, torpedo-tubes, guns, wire shrouds, the stewards clutching a life-line with one hand. Forward, the high bows were perpetually buried in breaking water, and

there came a night when the sea carried away the iron rails on the bridge, some thirty feet above the water-line. Here lived the Captain. He slept in his clothes, when he slept at all, on a leather mattress in the chart-house, violently and continually oscillated, while the First Lieutenant kept his watch. The Captain was a destroyer commander, born and also made; manœuvring his long ship as though she were a bicycle; knowing her nature and habits as well, and perhaps better, than his own; so that she was in fact an extension or province of his brain, one with himself.

As the signal dials on the bridge recorded his guidance, the dials in the engine-room and stoke-hold below duplicated his instructions, and the pale and vigilant engine-room artificers reduced or increased revolutions, unceasingly occupied with wheel and valve. In the engine-room, the Mate (E) (engineer) stood on the narrow platform, about a yard and a half square, whence the engines of a turbine-fitted vessel are administered; or crept among the fat, coiling, white-jacketed pipes and cased cylinders, looking and listening; or mounted to the deck, passing from the oily heat to receive a shock of ice-cold sea-water on his way to the air-lock leading to the stoke-hold. Here, in an atmosphere of slightly compressed air and a temperature of 100°, the steel chamber reverberated with the continuous thunder of the furnaces, so that to give an order it was necessary to shout.

One day was like another day, one night was like another night, except that upon such a day or such a night the wind and the sea rose higher. Then there came a day when the Mate (E) and his men of the engine-room department were aware that the destroyer, in company with other destroyers, was going under fire directed

upon the squadron by the enemy on shore, while she hunted for the enemy's submarines. And that was all they knew; except that if a single shell struck the destroyer, sudden death or death dreadfully delayed would be their portion. The dial showed full speed. In the stoke-hold, the diapason of the furnaces deepened. The stout steel plates casing the vaults of flame buckled to and fro like paper. The imperturbable men handling the steel rods and adjusting wheels and valves knew when the vessel turned, because, as she heeled over, the floor tilted suddenly up or down. But their attention was wholly concentrated upon engines and furnaces; the regulation of the steam, the regulation of the air pressure forcing the oil in a spray into the cone, where it instantaneously became a furious flame; the study of dials and gauge-glasses; the inspection of the auxiliary engines. For at any moment might befall an emergency; and the least oversight might lead swiftly to catastrophe.

Up above, in the rush of the salt wind of the going of the vessel, the Captain on the bridge, the iron-visaged quartermaster at the wheel, the men standing beside the guns, beheld, beyond a field of broken sea, a low green and yellow shore, from which continually rose white puffs of smoke, drifting together into a cloud, and then, with the boom of guns in their ears, they looked upon the water to see where the shell would strike, and saw, now here, now there, a tall fountain of spray rise and descend, and always the next projectile might strike the destroyer, but did not. Near and far the fountains rose and fell among the circling destroyers, which sometimes showed broadside-on, their long, low hulls sweeping upwards to the high fore-castle; and again were foreshortened, looking like black swans homing. Presently, a hoist of flags



glimmered upon the signal halliards of a distant destroyer; and the vessel went sharply about; and with other destroyers on either beam, slid swiftly out of range; and the sullen roar of gun-fire diminished astern of them.

But below, the thunder of the furnaces whelmed all other sound, so that the men in engine-room and stoke-hold did not hear the sudden wild cheering which burst from the men on deck. For at last they saw their quarry, the assassin of the seas, which for weeks had been going to and fro upon errands of murder.

Right ahead of the destroyer the breaking sea was cloven by a long steel snout, dripping water from its gills. It hung slanting upwards for a period of seconds, then, as the conning-tower of the submarine emerged, sank downwards, level with the water. The men in the destroyer, all furiously shouting, cried out to the Captain, a thing unknown before or since.

"Ram her, sir—ram her!" so they hailed the bridge.

Ere the words were framed, the wheel had gone over, and the sheer stem of the destroyer, travelling with a foaming bow-wave at some forty miles an hour, bore down upon the sea-devil, rolling helpless like a log. Instantly, a stream of little black figures was vomited from the conning-tower, all holding up their hands to heaven, and a loud babble of supplication came to the destroyer, and then there leaped into vision a man madly waving a white towel. There was just time, and no more. Over went the wheel, and while the Gunner was cursing his men back to their guns, the destroyer sheered past the stern of the submarine, and went on.

The boats astern picked off the enemy like blackberries from a hedge, until there remained only the Captain.

*The British Review.*

"I go down with my ship. *Hoch der Kaiser!*" said that hero.

"Don't be a silly ass," said the Sub-Lieutenant in the boat. "Come out of it. What?" And he hauled the unresisting officer on board by the slack of his breeches.

The destroyer's people observed the rescue from afar. By that time, speed having been eased, the Mate (E) had come on deck, where he was greeted by the First Lieutenant.

These were the memories which the little company in the ward-room contemplated, as they hearkened lazily to the muted strains of the orchestra. The music stopped abruptly; and the mate changed the disc to a record of *The British Grenadiers*; which sounded as though it was being sung by a dead man lying in the adjoining cabin.

There entered a grave-eyed, brown-bearded man abstractedly drying his hands on a piece of cotton-waste.

"Hullo, Chief, how are the engines and all the little engines?" said the Gunner. "Tell us what you said to Number One here after the battle."

"Naething, that I ken," returned the Mate (E). "What suld I hae said?"

"Something about engines, perhaps?" suggested the Mate gravely.

"Aye," returned the Mate (E), "I mind now telling Number One heerr, when he asked me what I thoct of the action, that the engines had been running vera sweetly—vera sweetly indeed. That was all I said. Indeed, the engines were running extraordinar' sweetly."

He looked benignly round upon his friends. "And I canna see onything at all laughable in *that*," he added.

"*With a Tow-row, row-row, row-row, the British Grenadiers*," sang the voice which sounded like the voice of a dead man lying behind the bulkhead.

*L. Cope Cornford.*



**THE AMERICAN NOTE TO GERMANY.**

The text of the latest American Note to Germany was published in the papers of June 12. A common criticism of it in America has been that it says nothing more than was said in the previous Note, and some critics even think that it says less. Wonder has been expressed, therefore, that Mr. Bryan, having signed the first Note, should have thought it necessary to withhold his signature from the second. All such criticism is, in our judgment, due to a failure to recognize the fact that the almost extravagant politeness of the Note, the considerate reasoning, and the suggestions of mediation between Germany and Britain, are only accessories to a pointed repetition of the demand that Germany shall stop her submarine warfare. We call the Note stronger than the first Note because, after Germany had pretended that the first Note meant nothing serious and could be met by evasion and prevarication, President Wilson has definitely repeated his original demand. Germany no doubt hoped that her dialectical twistings and turnings would lead Mr. Wilson into a labyrinth of argument in which he would be lost. Time, from the German point of view, would be saved, and submarine outrages would continue as long as Germany could tempt Mr. Wilson into fresh blind alleys. The new Note must be read in the context of events. In this context it is undoubtedly a firmer and more significant document than anything yet sent to Germany, because it proves that the attempt to wheedle Mr. Wilson away from his line of argument has failed. He holds to his words. He has reached the point of asking for a definite "Yes" or "No" to a plain question in circumstances which exclude the possibility of further irrelevance and casuistry.

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An examination of the Note will, we think, support this conclusion with sufficient clearness. As regards the sinking of the British vessel "Falaba," in which an American life was lost, Mr. Wilson expresses the surprise of his Government that Germany should contend that the vessel's attempt to escape capture, or call for help, relieved the German submarine officer of the obligation to ensure the safety of the passengers. In three excellent sentences the Note sweeps aside the German excuses and glosses:—

"These are not new circumstances. They have been in the minds of statesmen and international jurists throughout the development of naval warfare, and the Government of the United States does not understand that they have ever been held to alter the principles of humanity upon which it has insisted. Nothing but actual forcible resistance or continued efforts to escape by flight when ordered to stop for the purpose of visit on the part of a merchantman has ever been held to forfeit the lives of her passengers and crew."

Mr. Wilson has there touched the essential and disastrous weakness of German logic. Germany always argues as though the possibility of her losing the war were contrary to nature, and that therefore when she is at a physical or strategical disadvantage she must correct the balance by ignoring international law. This is the heart of the doctrine of necessity. But the makers of international law never contemplated that Germany would always win. They knew that there must be a loser in every war, and they still made laws in that knowledge, assuming that every civilized nation would put up with disadvantages, reverses, even with final failure, rather than descend to outrage. The German Government pre-

tend, or even believe, that it is enough to say: "We cannot save passengers, because submarines cannot carry passengers. Therefore the passengers must obviously forfeit their lives." Mr. Wilson has shown, in language which, for all its politeness, does not conceal his intellectual scorn of the miserable German argument, that the German contention is no answer at all to his protest.

After disposing of the entirely unfounded German assertions that the "Lusitania" was armed, carried troops, and had as part of her cargo articles prohibited by the statutes of the United States, Mr. Wilson proceeds to point out that, whatever the German contentions may be as to the carrying of contraband in the "Lusitania," they are "irrelevant to the question of the legality of the methods used by the German naval authorities in sinking the vessel":—

"The sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that may be thought to affect the case—principles which lift it, as the Imperial German Government will be no doubt quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or international controversy. Whatever may be the other facts regarding the 'Lusitania,' the principal fact is that a great steamer, primarily and chiefly for the conveyance of passengers, carrying more than one thousand souls who had no part or lot in the conduct of the war, was torpedoed and sunk without so much as a challenge or warning, and that men, women, and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare. The fact that more than one hundred American citizens were among those who perished made it the duty of the Government of the United States to speak of these things, and once more, with solemn emphasis, to call the attention of the Imperial German Gov-

ernment to the grave responsibility which the Government of the United States conceives it has incurred in this tragic occurrence and to the indisputable principle upon which that responsibility rests. The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than the mere rights of property and the privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity which every Government honors itself in respecting, which no Government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority."

What does this mean when translated into policy? It means that Mr. Wilson recognizes the existence of a painfully simple issue. The issue is between the German submarines and international law. Consent to the continuance of German submarine warfare as now practised means the abolition of international law at sea. Mr. Wilson understands that he must choose between the two things. He chooses international law; and consequently he cannot possibly yield to the submarines. He knows well that consent to German submarine methods would mean delivering the world to an era of violence, of "no-law," of horrible barbarism, which would be much worse than any hostilities that are now called into immediate prospect.

Mr. Wilson ends his Note by "very earnestly, very solemnly" renewing his representations. International law, so far as it concerns "the safeguarding of American lives and American ships," must be respected. The American Government asks "assurances that this shall be done." Possibly the German Foreign Office will think it worth while to send another shuffling reply. According to our reading of the last American Note, we cannot see how such a reply could possibly divert Mr. Wilson from his purpose. He perceives the issue too clearly. If he did not,

he would not have written his last Note. He grasps the fact that the abandonment of German submarine methods will put the Germans at a final naval disadvantage. None the

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less, he demands that sacrifice. Nor does he seem to contemplate the idea of waiting for a long time. Mr. Bryan was in favor of indefinite delay, and Mr. Wilson broke with Mr. Bryan.

## MR. BRYAN.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

It was in Calcutta, some ten years ago, that I first saw Mr. Bryan. He burst with a jolly greeting into the office where I was working. He was on his journey round the world, with Mrs. Bryan and a son and daughter, and had come by Japan, China, and the Straits. When you asked about the places he had seen, he appeared to be as much oppressed by the miseries of the poor Easterns as exuberant health and a vast faculty for enjoying all experiences would allow. It was plain that, like Dr. Johnson's acquaintance, he was trying to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness would keep breaking in. I recall, as an amusing detail, that he was full of boyish glee over the cheapness and successful cut of the silk suit that had been made for him by a Chinese tailor at Singapore.

His call came as a delightful break in the grind of sedentary work under the rising heat of a Bengal spring. A big, fresh Western man, bursting with energy and fun, wrapped round with satisfaction and good humor, so imperturbably sure that, by comparison with Nebraska and the Mississippi Valley, the whole East (and especially China) was a sink—he was preposterously out of the picture in Calcutta. I was able to do him a little service by calling in some of the Indian political leaders (we were in the thick of the Nationalist agitation just after Lord Curzon's departure); and we looked on with delight while Mr.

Bryan, his large loose figure filling a cane chair on the verandah, questioned and chaffed the good old Bengalis, manifestly proud as they were of exciting the sympathy of this famous champion of Democracy in the West. I can see now the most quaintly original of Hindu editors getting ready to quote with appropriate effect the terrific declaration, "You shall not crucify humanity on a cross of gold!"

We took him to the Town Hall, where a numerous audience had assembled to give a send-off to a score or so of Indian students who were going to Europe and America for technical training. Mr. Bryan was, without difficulty, persuaded to speak, and standing on the platform in those alien surroundings he turned out a finished little Sunday-school homily on Unselfishness, while the young Bengalis, rejoiced to have a new model of oratory so different from Surendranath Banerjea, listened with all their ears. He was, I remember, greatly taken by the looks and bearing of the finer sort of Indian student, his behavior to whom was charming.

Mr. Bryan was wonderful on China—"the most over-rated country in the world." His description of the congestion and foulness and other horrors of Canton was not soon forgotten. Those were the days when Mr. Lowes Dickinson's *Letters of John Chinaman* were being read and quoted with gusto among all sorts of people who loved

beautiful writing and subtle criticism or had a down on Western arrogance. Somebody had introduced the famous booklet to Mr. Bryan, in the American edition, which bore a different title—*The Letters of a Chinese Official*. It was too much. The Western puritan in him was thoroughly aroused. Who was this shameless Mandarin, foisting upon an unsuspecting world so outrageous a picture of a glorified China, and insulting progress and education and drainage and missionaries and the gospel of the living God? Have at him! And out came a scorching reply to the seductive Chinese official, while far off, in King's College, Cambridge, a quiet don was saying meditatively to his friends, "Now did I really mean to take anybody in?"

Nine years later I called upon Mr. Bryan at Washington in company with a distinguished professor of the University of London. In the interval he had suffered his third defeat at a Presidential election, and for twelve months he had been Secretary of State. He had matured and solidified. Instead of the fun of his holiday freedom, there was the careful gravity of a Minister of State as he talked of a world growing steadily happier and wiser—with the Democrats in power at Washington, Mr. Asquith and Lloyd George dethroning privilege in England, and even the German autocrat beginning to acknowledge the power of the people. This was just six months before the world plunged into the abyss. And when I saw him again, at the State Department not many weeks ago, he had grown portentous with the weight of a problem too vast for a plain popular tribune, and perhaps also with the thought of arbitration treaties framed and signed while Europe was destroying itself.

It is difficult to imagine the American newspapers deprived of the daily assistance of the Secretary of State.

They could get along more easily without Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan is an inexhaustible reservoir of copy. The bigger dailies, from the day almost of his entry into the Cabinet, took every opportunity of telling President Wilson that his Secretary of State was a weakness to the Government and a peril to the country. It was ludicrous, they argued, that the head of the State Department should be a politician so little versed in the world's affairs that, whenever a crisis of any kind approached, the President himself was forced to take charge. They made calculations of the number of days Mr. Bryan was away from his office, and the mileage he covered in order to appear on Chautauqua and temperance platforms. His resignation was steadily called for, and not long ago the *New York Sun* published in its leader columns an imaginary exchange of letters between the President and his chief colleague, recording a self-sacrificing resignation and its acceptance—letters which were not at all bad as an anticipation of the correspondence published on the 9th of June in the newspapers of two hemispheres. There was, I think, no forgiveness for Mr. Bryan when he announced that he could not give up lecturing (at \$500 a night) because his salary as Secretary of State was insufficient for the maintenance of the position. His own house, on a rise overlooking the capital, was anything but pretentious; but he needed, he said, some \$8,000 a year over and above the official stipend to make up the proper sum. The *New York World* took him at his word, offering to make him a patriotic grant of the whole sum on condition that he would abandon the platform and give himself up to the duties of the State Department. It is hardly necessary to say that the offer was not accepted. It is not only, however, because he is an incom-



parable performer on the platform that Mr. Bryan is the favorite of the newspapers. His unconventionalities keep them going all the time—his official indiscretions, his prominence as a church member and preacher (though this, of course, is not out of the way in America), the unfermented grape-juice conviviality of his official hospitality, and so forth. There are men who are made by office and cease to exist when they resign. Mr. Bryan is certainly not of such. Away from the State Department he cannot be in the newspapers every day—unless, which is hardly to be thought of, he should start a national agitation in opposition to the President's policy. But his capital is his personality, and that cannot be suppressed.

William Jennings Bryan could not have come into being save as a product of Western democracy. He is, you would say, almost as remote from a typical American of the older States—say, for example, President Wilson or Dr. C. W. Elliot, of Harvard—as from an English Cabinet Minister with a Balliol training. I have not found in the Eastern States any greater respect for Mr. Bryan's statesmanship than one would expect to come upon in a British Tory. He stands for the extraordinarily simple public sense and morality of the Western regions, and ever since his dramatic advent in 1896 he has kept the devotion of that fine and powerful community. He has never led them to victory: or rather, after three defeats, he gave them the

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victory by yielding place, in 1912, to Woodrow Wilson. One of the strangest things in contemporary politics is the way in which, for a dozen years or more, he imposed his will and programme upon that singularly composite Democratic party—a fact which can only be explained if we remember that Mr. Bryan combines a childlike creed and the methods of the most astonishing evangelist of the age (Billy Sunday would be nowhere if the politician were to enter his field) with a consummate mastery of the political game. He has, I believe, succeeded surprisingly in keeping himself broadly and essentially honest and if I am not greatly mistaken, the immense majority of his opponents would be prepared to endorse the words he used at St. Louis in 1904 on relinquishing his claim to the presidential nomination: "There are some of you who will say that I have run my race. There are many of you who will maintain that I have fought my fight. But there is not one man here who can say that I have not kept the Faith." Well, he could not be President of the United States, though more than once seven millions of democratic electors voted for him. And he could not be Secretary of State amid a toppling world. He goes back, I suppose, in the right and simple way of France and America and all republics, to the practice of his profession—the spell-binding of great audiences and the editing of his weekly paper, the *Commoner*, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

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### "SCHRECK!"

"The Zeppelins have come!" cried the charwoman last Tuesday morning, calling up the family rather earlier than usual, so as to be first with the news. For she seemed to regard her-

self as one whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains.

All that day those outlying districts of London upon which the Zeppelins had dropped their ninety bombs, ap-



peared equally radiant and exhilarated. Crowds never ceased to stare at the spots where a bomb had fallen. A church from the roof of which the concussion had shaken a wooden springer was thronged with an unwonted congregation, which could hardly claim the title of worshippers. A long-disused factory which had been burnt out rose from its ruins into industrial importance, and all day long the phrase "completely gutted" passed proudly from mouth to mouth. An insignificant shop sprang into fame as suddenly as Joffre or Hindenburg because a bomb had lodged flaring in its rafters just before the owners went to bed. In front of one mean house, four "Tommies" in khaki had astutely stationed themselves, refusing admission to view the ruins without official leave, which leave could be obtained only from themselves, but was courteously conceded to applicants wearing the appearance of a shilling in their pockets. And from morn till dewy eve the joyful excitement of question and story and laughter and escape and horrified amazement never lost a second of the time.

To be sure, four poor people, who were alive on Monday night, were lying dead on Tuesday, and everyone was sorry. But death does not diminish a popular and pleasurable excitement, and in times like these what is one death per million?

Now a Zeppelin is, we believe, about 600 feet long, has a maximum diameter of about 75 feet, is built on a rigid interior framework, and buoyed up by interior "ballonets" at the centre, containing hydrogen. It can travel 55 miles an hour, can maintain an altitude of 10,000 feet for about 400 miles, and is considered out of range at 6,000 feet. It is believed to be capable of carrying more than two tons, including about thirty men and fifty "torpedoes," to say nothing of the light

incendiary bombs. It can dispatch wireless messages for about 150 miles, and has the advantage over the aeroplane, that it can remain stationary, and so is capable of more accurate aim and observation. It takes about four months to build, and costs about £10,000. At the beginning of the war Germany was believed to possess ten, of which about half are known to have been destroyed. She is now said to possess many more. We have no wish to underrate the danger. If a hundred Zeppelins, capable of discharging 5,000 explosive shells, besides incendiary bombs, were to arrive simultaneously over London, they would probably massacre at least ten times as many unarmed and peaceful people as were sunk with the "Lusitania." And they might possibly burn a good many of our streets, causing much inconvenience to the inhabitants and shopkeepers, besides heavy loss to insurance companies.

Though we do not believe such an invasion would bring Germany one single degree nearer to final victory, it might be a terrible thing for us. But "raids," carried out by one or two of these expensive and rather risky machines—what purpose does the enemy imagine them to serve? Some say the Zeppelins come for practice, some for reconnaissance (a difficult thing by night), some in a vague hope of hitting something important, some for the enjoyment of killing a few English people without much danger, just as nasty children enjoy killing flies. But most people believe they come to cause panic—perhaps to induce us to keep more men and aeroplanes back from our fighting lines—but, in any case, to cause panic, to spread a "Schreck" or sudden horror, and so to shake the country's confidence and compel all classes to clamor for peace.

It is queer that the Germans, with their ancestral aptitude for philosophy,

and their profound study of the human mind still maintained in their numerous universities, should repeatedly have fallen into errors of this kind during the last year. It seems to reveal regions of thought which philosophy does not reach, though they lie about us. It reminds one of the enthusiastic young philanthropist who felt sure she could deal with "the poor" because she had taken "firsts" in moral philosophy and economics at Cambridge. If an enemy, calculating on a panic by "Schreck," had wandered about these districts about June first, how salutary would have been his disillusionment! He might have returned home to rewrite the chapters on "Fear" in his "Psychologisches Handbuch" in twenty volumes. For where he looked for "Schreck" he would have found a pleasurable interest and a stalcal cheerfulness where he looked for "Niedergeschlagenheit."

We hear of a few vain candidates for earthly immortality who rush to purchase respirators and tremble alike to walk in upper air or penetrate the bowels of the earth by Tube. They have our pity, but respirators are seldom becoming, and most people are too busy to bother about danger. The risk to one life among so many millions looks very small, and up to a certain point, the risk is pleasant. Nearly everyone likes having his flesh made to creep in moderation. Risk restores that "spice of adventure" which had almost been eliminated from city and suburban life, and the routine clerk rises in imagination to a coach which highwaymen threaten, or a ship upon the pirate-haunted main. To encounter risk, and escape, even with little damage, endows insignificance, as we have seen, with personality, and may well provide conversation for a lifetime. "Shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields are won"—how enviable an old age destiny bestows on the man who

can do that! But he who in after years displays beneath a glass case some fragment of a bomb which kindled his counterpane in May 1915, will partake of similar glory. In one of these districts dwells a boy who, hearing a bomb crash through the roof, rushed from his garret bed, fell right through the hole that the bomb had burnt in the stairs, fell on the top of the blazing bomb itself, and was only rescued from burning by a courageous neighbor. Upon him the Zeppelin has bestowed an endowment already surpassing a six weeks' wage in consolatory pennies, and likely to yield augmented glory with the years. Nor will the courageous neighbor's reward fall much behind.

Apart from wounds and death, most of our men in France and Flanders are now having the time of their lives. Never before have they been so well-fed, clothed, doctored, washed, looked after, and made much of. It is a national disgrace that this should be so; not a disgrace that they should be thus looked after in war, but that it is only in war, when they are being prepared to kill or be killed, that such attention and opportunity for welfare are granted them. But their advantages are not only physical. For the first time, most of them learn the meaning of a full and varied life, abounding in fresh knowledge and vivid experience. Nearly everybody feels a sort of inward satisfaction in being "at the front." It comes partly from man's inborn desire for self-sacrifice, which is, perhaps, the chief motive of our voluntary enlistment. But partly it comes from the natural desire for life "at a high power"—life in sharp contact with great and stirring realities. "Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things," said Bishop Blougram. He was speaking of spiritual matters, but his saying holds for things temporal quite as well, and with

a crisis of danger there often comes an intense realization of life, which, if death is escaped, not only reveals a new value in all subsequent existence, but possesses in itself a value to counterbalance much horror and fear. "Dulce Periculum" is the well-worn motto of an ancient clan, and one of our very youngest poets has just cried:—

"O take me, break me, peaceless life!  
My soul was born to welcome strife."

Something of this love of danger was felt, we may be sure, in those "out-lying districts" over which the Zeppelins endeavored to diffuse their "Schreck." They brought a splendor of variety into common life. To all within reach they spoke the universal appeal of death and danger. A great thinker, who lived for many years among our working people, once said (perhaps with some affectation, per-

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haps in irony), "Death is the poetry of the poor." If that is even ironically true, it is certainly truer that a danger flying by midnight supplies a fine dash of poetic emotion. It inspires that feeling of being "at the front." It indefinitely heightens the realization of existence, casting over the common streets and occupations a glamour of the cinematograph. Two or three years ago, when Hyde Park was laid out in cavalry camps for the Coronation or some other State function, an admiring crowd had gathered to watch the soldiers washing and cleaning their teeth. "Ah," cried one worthy citizen exultingly to another, "this is indeed like war!" If he heard the Zeppelins flutter over his roof May 31st, or if his house was ruined by their bombs, how much more genuine cause for exultation these events must have given him!

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### THE YOUNGER SON.

The younger son he's earned his bread in ways both hard  
and easy,  
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;  
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,  
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to  
rest!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha' thought of  
meeting you!

Thought you were in Turkestan or China or Peru!"—  
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,  
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder chooses;  
He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses;  
He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and  
plough,  
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him  
now.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the world been  
using you?

What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"

It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,  
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and  
yonder,  
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to  
wander,  
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is  
best,  
And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time enough  
to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long farewell to  
you

(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo!)  
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,  
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest!

Punch.

## ITALIA.

Of all the inaccurate prophecies that have been made since July last year, the most foolish-looking at this moment is the lively epigram that "Italy would run to the assistance of the victor." Those of us who have loved Italy and known the soul that is in her, sometimes obscured for long periods by indifference and materialism, but never dead and always ready to break out upon occasion into fresh flame, have during all these months protested against that epigram. Anyone who knew anything of Italy knew that she would never "run to the assistance" of Austria and Germany were they ten times over "the victor." And now she has "run to the assistance" not of any victor, but of her friends in need. It is the same daring spirit that in 1848 caused the citizens of Milan to fling themselves against the Austrian troops without any nice calculation of the chances. It is the spirit enshrined in the motto upon the battered walls of the Vascello on the Janiculum, "He who fights for liberty and country may not count the enemy." It was while the Russian defeat in

Galicia was turning pale the cheeks of others, who let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," that the Italian populace rose with revolutionary fury and demanded war. When the German reputation for war rose to its highest point, then the people of Italy ceased to wrangle among themselves, and with one voice challenged the Powers of Darkness to do their worst. The Italian people of their own free will have stepped into the ranks of the champions of European liberty at the moment when their help was most needed. May this never be forgotten, and may it sink deeply into the mind of England! The British public and the British statesmen who sympathized with Italy sixty years ago and helped her in her hour of need, cast bread upon the waters, and it has come back after many days. Blood is thicker than water, but common ideals of liberty and common memories in history seem almost as potent as ties of race and language in this hour of the regrouping of nations.

That was the deciding issue in the Italian mind. The idea of a German

victory in Europe presented to them the prospect of an intolerable situation, fraught with danger and shame to Italy because she is one of the free peoples. The Austrian offers, though insufficient, were not inconsiderable, and might have been accepted as the price of peace if there had been security that they would have been carried out in the event of a Teutonic victory. But where would Italy have been when she came to ask for the Trentino from a victorious Austria and Germany? Even if she had got the Trentino according to promise, which is highly unlikely, she would have been the vassal of the Teutonic Powers, bound tremblingly to do their bidding henceforth in order to avoid "punishment richly deserved." That was the position which Signor Giolitti and the neutralists failed fully to envisage, which Ministers Sonnino and Salandra so well understood. They therefore demanded the instant handing over of the desired territory. That issue, on which mainly the negotiations seem to have broken down, was itself only the expression of the larger issue—the question "What will Italy's position be in case of a German victory?" And that in turn was part of the still larger problem, "What will be the position of all the smaller countries surrounding Austria and Germany in case of German victory?" The Italians have shown themselves "good Europeans."

That, I take it, is the reason why the Russian retreat, instead of cooling off Italian ardor, had exactly the opposite effect. Two months ago Italy was divided into two fairly matched parties—of neutralists and interventionists. They were rioting against each other in the streets, and opinion was divided as to which had the majority in the Chamber. Indeed, Signor Giolitti, the neutralist leader, was credited with the almost magical

power of commanding a majority in the Chamber against any Government that dared disobey his orders. The prophets foretold that Italy would not come in, and I confess I inclined to this opinion. Yet during the Russian retreat, the rioting in the streets assumed a more and more one-sided character—for war—and became revolutionary in intensity and volume. Signor Giolitti patriotically retired to his home in Piedmont, and the Chamber and Senate declared for war with enthusiasm and almost with unanimity. It is not a Ministry or a party that has conquered its rival, but Italy that has arisen.

The news of Italy's entry into the war reached me in mid-Atlantic. One of the most distinguished of living Italians, who happened to be on board, on his way back to serve his country, said to me that he was amazed at the change that had evidently taken place in Italian opinion since he was there a few weeks before. Then everything had indicated an even balance of opinion for and against war. But now the "popolo" had suddenly made up its mind and spoken irresistibly, deciding the controversies of statesmen.

One can fully understand and in some cases sympathize with the point of view of the neutralists; and their patriotic conduct in rallying to the country's flag with enthusiasm when the controversy had been decided against them will prevent all recriminations. The neutralists were mainly of three kinds. First the Clericals, who had some sympathy with Austria as the great "Catholic" Power, engaged in a struggle against the "Orthodox" Slavs. The treatment of the French Church of recent years had naturally alienated Clerical sympathy from France, and the Kaiser has for years past been posing as the champion not only of Islam but of Christianity. Coupled with these religious tendencies



may be counted the social conservatism of some aristocratic and great mercantile families, who thought that a German victory would be the best security against Socialism and Democracy all the world over. The case of Belgium, represented by the noble figure of Cardinal Mercier, mitigated these reasons for sympathy with the Teutonic Powers in some high religious quarters. In Italy, as elsewhere, the human appeal of wronged Belgium has been deeply felt.

Another neutralist stronghold was found in the organized Socialist Party, which was mainly but not unanimously for neutrality, not indeed out of any sympathy with the Teutonic Powers, but on purely modern, pacifist grounds. And, finally, between the Clericals at one end and the Socialists at the other lay a great body of neutralist opinion, not definitely formulated nor active in its expression, but privately indulging the desire for a quiet life and the benefits of peace.

One circumstance of great importance appeared to lend strength to the neutralists, the fact that German banks and German commercial men have had much to do with the great industrial developments of North Italy in the present generation. Germany was making a "peaceful conquest" of Italy, and in another thirty years Italy would have been bound to Germany by commercial, financial, and personal ties that might well have made the Triple Alliance a reality. If Italy had consulted only her commercial and material interests she would have joined the German Powers. But the Germans, though they were found everywhere in Italy and were of the utmost importance to her economically, were "antipathetic" to the Italian nature, and it is hard to say whether their presence has in effect made more for neutrality or for war. The more people saw of the Germans the less they

liked them. The tie to Germany was so strong that it galled and had to be broken. The Italian expansionists and Irredentists, the men of the "risorgimento" tradition, say that if Italy did not break with Germany she would become politically and commercially her vassal, and would lose her own soul. For Italy's true character is the very antipodes of the German.

Ever since the formation of the unnatural Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria, the Italian rulers have been damping down the irredentist tradition. It has been discouraged in the schools and by the thousand means with which a Continental Government can act upon opinion. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1915, the great Italian historian Guglielmo Ferrero regrets that this policy had all too successfully brought up the younger generation in ignorance of irredentism. Yet in the few weeks that have passed since that article was written the irredentist tradition has triumphed and Italy is free of the spiritual bonds in which she has so long struggled. The fact is that while irredentism, in the narrower sense of the claim on Trentino and Trieste, was discouraged in the manner complained of by Signor Ferrero, the historical traditions of the Risorgimento were not discouraged, and the one really implies the other. For instance, the great national celebrations, at once official and popular, that were held in 1910 and 1911 to commemorate Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi were evidence that the true Italy lived, and was aware of herself, of her origin and her traditions. Those traditions have conquered, and to-day Italy takes her place beside us to fight for the menaced freedom of Europe and of Italy.

Italy's entry is a victory of idealism. Mazzini would be the first to preach this war for Europe's liberty, in which the free peoples stand to-

gether to preserve each other from the Destroyer. Mazzini even thought that in 1848 England ought to have fought for the freedom of the Continent, a far more doubtful proposition than the participation of Italy in the present struggle. I have before me one of his letters of that period to an English lady, in which he writes: "War is a fact and will be a fact for some time to come; and, though dreadful in it-

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self, is very often the only way of helping Right against brutal Force." To that principle Belgium, France, and the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary make appeal, and not in vain. Again the ancient cities of Italy send out their young men to die for freedom, and again the heart of England thrills to know that Italy lives. That Italia is now our very ally touches the chord of old romance.

G. M. Trevelyan.

## GERMANY AND THE MUNITIONS OF WAR.

In previous articles we have commented upon the stringency which will undoubtedly be felt in time by our enemies in regard to the provision of certain raw materials which are absolutely essential to the manufacture of munitions of war. All accounts which are allowed to leak through from Germany and Austria clearly indicate that this stringency is now becoming acute, and with the advent of Italy as another of our Allies, it will rapidly become almost insurmountable.

From an article which appears in the last issue of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York, based upon a communication made by the director of a great German metallurgical company to an American correspondent, we gather that the shortage is frankly admitted, and some account is given of the desperate efforts which are being made by our enemies to meet it. Germany has evidently summoned to her assistance all the metallurgical skill and chemical knowledge at her disposal in attempts to improvise substitutes for the materials of which she has been deprived by the effectiveness of our blockade. That she will to some extent succeed may be conceded, for ordinary commercial conditions are no longer applicable to the case of a nation which has "its

back to the wall," and is determined to stake everything, regardless of human life and treasure, in the struggle to preserve its existence. But whilst these attempts may do credit to the intelligence and resourcefulness of our enemies, and may serve to illustrate their undoubted organizing capacity, they are clear proofs of the straits to which they are reduced.

Such attempts may prolong the duration of the struggle, but it is highly improbable that they will materially affect its ultimate result. It is possible that gun cartridges, rifle cartridges, and the fuse-heads of grenades may be made without the use of copper or brass, or with alloys containing only a minimal proportion of copper, but it is unlikely that such substitutes will prove as efficient as the material hitherto used. It must be remembered that the strongest arm of the enemy's service is its artillery, and anything that militates against the efficiency of that branch *pro tanto* weakens the enemy's power.

Supplies of cotton are almost unavailable to Germany and Austria; the closing of the Italian ports has effectively cut off some lines of importation of this commodity. Other sources of cellulose are, of course, open to them, and other forms of nitro-cellulose than

ordinary gun-cotton are being made and are said to be in use with what is stated to be "unobjectionable" results, which rather sounds like damning with faint praise.

It is admitted that we have also cut off all supplies of petrol and petroleum, but as regards the use of the former substance in internal combustion engines, benzene, which is obtained by the destructive distillation of coal, is claimed to be a satisfactory substitute. This may be more or less true of ordinary motor-driven vehicles, especially in summer; but benzene is apt to freeze at low temperatures, and this circumstance has undoubtedly led to trouble in air-craft flying at high elevations in winter. Ordinary gasoline consists largely of pentane and amylene, and no doubt these hydrocarbons can be produced synthetically, if cost is no object. Indeed, it is claimed that German chemists have worked out two synthetic processes which are actually in operation, and are said to be so far successful that Germany is assured of internal supplies, even after the conclusion of the war. Acetylene has largely replaced petroleum as an illuminant, and is in use even in safety-lamps, and it is possible that the substitution may be more or less permanent, unless, which is unlikely, steps are taken on the conclusion of peace to reduce the relatively high price of burning oil consequent on the import duty and the operations of the American, Russian, and Dutch Trusts.

Germany also now claims to be independent of any external supply of nitrates. It is stated that "within a short time enormous works will have been erected, which will convert the nitrogen of the air into ammonia, and thence, by its combustion, into nitric acid"—one works alone turning out about 80,000 tons of nitric acid yearly. It may be confidently asserted that be-

fore this consummation is reached the war and all its doings will have been relegated to the domains of history.

Nitric acid can only be made commercially by the use of oil of vitriol, and there is ample evidence that the growing scarcity of the raw materials upon which the manufacture of the latter substance depends is causing great perturbation in chemical circles in Germany. All outside sources of sulphur, whether as such or as pyrites, are excluded. The use of sulphuric acid for the manufacture of fertilizers is practically prohibited. Attempts are being made to convert ammonium carbonate, obtained by the Haber process, into ammonium sulphate by treatment with gypsum—a process already used in France with only partial success; and various methods of obtaining sulphuric acid from Epsom salts and other alkaline earth sulphates are being tried, with what probable result may be judged of from Lunge's well-known work on sulphuric acid manufacture, in which prior attempts to make use of such processes are described in more or less contemptuous terms. Indeed, the patent literature of every country is evidently being ransacked in the dire necessity which has now overtaken our enemies, and all sorts of suggestions, many of which have been tried and hitherto found wanting, are being exploited with a feverish activity.

The problem which confronts a Minister of Munitions in Germany is gradually becoming hopeless, unless he is given practically unlimited time in which to solve it. He has the men, who are working with a unanimity and a strenuousness which compels our respect and admiration, and the intelligence, knowledge, and skill of the captains of industry and all their appliances are at his disposal. But he cannot make bricks without straw, and the straw is gradually being denied

him, struggle as he may. To us and to our Allies—thanks to our command of the sea—the world is all before us where to choose, and we have access to all the raw material we need. To our Minister of Munitions the problem is not want of material; it is want of men, and the lack of that strenuousness of purpose and of determination, energy, industry, and fixity of Nature.

effort which have been imbued into the whole German nation. Time is of the essence of the situation, and to waste it in political bickerings, squabbles about profits and war bonuses, labor troubles, strikes, and "slackness" is to play directly into the enemy's hands and to prolong the agony and wretchedness under which the whole civilized world is now suffering.

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### MISS PRIM.

We all referred to her as Miss Prim, and I will not mention her real name. She had an oval face, terminating in a pointed chin, a tight little mouth, and clear, light blue eyes, magnified and meek behind her gold-rimmed spectacles. She was a slight, fragile little woman of about thirty, and at first I thought her quiet the outcome of timidity. But, in truth, she was quiet because she never saw occasion to be otherwise. Yet one would have imagined she would find her surroundings sufficiently exciting. We were part of a Red Cross Expedition, bound to Serbia, a country of which we had the vaguest notions. We had left England at midnight, creeping cautiously through a minefield, and until Gibraltar we had been honored with a convoy! The ship was a transport ship, and the saloon was filled with wounded officers, returning to India or Egypt from the front. Miss Prim had never before left England, and yet in all these unprecedented experiences she saw no occasion even for comment. She would sit at dinner, refusing wine with her quiet "Thank you, but I prefer water," entirely self-possessed and uninterested, with the gayest and most stimulating chatter going on all about her. Whether people ignored her or she ignored them, one could never decide.

There was one gorgeous night at Malta which might, like the music in *Comus*, have created a soul under the ribs of Death. Over the dim battlements the moon swam in a silvered sky, its light on the water seeming to make the anchored battleships in the harbor unsubstantial, robbing them of their day-time menace; while the searchlights all round the bay stabbed at the sea like giant swords. I stood beside Miss Prim, leaning over the side of the ship, half stupefied by the vague loveliness of the scene; and, somehow, my hand closed over the hand of Miss Prim. Instantly her clear, decisive voice cut the stillness like something metallic: "I must ask you not to take liberties."

The French liner which took us from Malta to Salonica had many Russians and Poles on board. One of the latter, a tall, handsome man with a carefully groomed beard and beautiful, romantic eyes, was the subject of vague rumors. We heard that he was a spy and that an emissary of the French Government was on board with the special object of keeping watch on him. Certainly he wore an air of mystery, and would stalk the deck with solemn regular strides, looking straight before him with an expression of the profoundest melancholy. The latest rumor was that he was a

Pollish noble in disgrace, returning to his native land to answer for his failure in a highly important secret mission.

I endeavored to interest Miss Prim in him, giving her the rumors as authenticated facts and adding details not without dramatic interest. She eyed the tall figure of the mysterious Pole attentively while I was speaking and then reflected for a few minutes: "He must be very hot in that fur coat," said Miss Prim.

During our short stay at Athens, Miss Prim made one of the party which visited the Acropolis. She clambered about the stones indefatigably, clutching a guide-book, and pausing every now and again to consult it. She was very anxious to get all the names of the various buildings quite right. She displayed an animation I had not before observed. "I've always wanted to see the Acropolis," she confessed to me; "one has heard so much about it. Now that I've seen it I'm quite satisfied." She paused and her eyes became dreamy behind her glasses. "And now I'd like to go to Egypt and see the Pyramids," she observed.

Except at meal-times, I saw but little of Miss Prim in the hospital. Her ward was in the smaller of our two buildings; the pressure of our work did not enable us to take any time off, and it was to grow harder. Typhus

The New Witness.

commenced to ravage Serbia, and to accommodate these new patients we had to erect an isolation tent in our grounds. Day by day the number of patients increased. Ours was not the only hospital in that part of Serbia, although it was the best equipped, and presently we heard terrible rumors. One evening, when we were at dinner, our head surgeon made an announcement. He mentioned a hospital situated in the worst part of the town. "They have lost over fifty per cent of their nursing staff," he said bluntly, "and things grow worse. We are comparatively well equipped. I can spare a nurse or two if anyone cares to volunteer. I shall not hide from you that any volunteers run a very considerable risk."

One of the two volunteers was Miss Prim. "It is disgraceful that patients should be neglected like that," she said severely.

We buried her a few days later. We could not all attend the funeral, but I am afraid many of us strained a point to do so. I was with her just before she died. She had come out of the torpor characteristic of the disease, and was quite rational.

"I shan't see the Pyramids after all," she said, smiling at me. She lay still for a little while. "But I'm glad I've seen the Acropolis. It was so romantic," said Miss Prim.

John W. N. Sullivan.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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The novel of current European politics offers so fertile a field that a far less skilful writer than Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim might find it profitable to cultivate it, but his success in weaving predictions into the texture of his plots has been so extraordinary that

seventeenth century England would have burned him for a wizard. His latest story, "The Double Traitor," is even more elaborately complicated than "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," and its proclamation of England's honor, its confident exhibition of England's



soundness of heart make him so valuable to England that one cannot help expecting that she will insist upon his acceptance of the highest honors that she can bestow upon a civilian. "The Double Traitor" may well lead the Kaiser to mistrust his own spies. Yet the most furious Anglophobe will at least respect the brave Englishman who triumphantly outwitted his country's enemy, and wrested success from his own humiliation. Little, Brown & Co.

Miss Geraldine Bonner's innocent murderer as she shows him in her "The Girl at Central" is not an agreeable personage, but the "Girl," shrewd, modest, unselfish and brave, is an admirable example of the American wage-earner. She never forgets that she is not technically a lady, and she never allows anyone whom she encounters to mistake her for anything not quite as pure and true as any dame ever celebrated by troubadour or Knight. Her syntax is amazing; her logic is naught, but her judgments are often accurate, and her deeds and words are those of a gallant soul. The rich girl with whom she is contrasted is wayward although brave and clean-living, and is the author of her own undoing, and the wage-earner surpasses her in every way, except in good breeding. Babbitts, the journalist, is an excellent news gatherer, wise enough not to fall by lack of deliberation, and almost as quick as the "Girl" in judging evidence. D. Appleton & Co.

With the enigmatical title of "X" the author of "Wolfine" signs himself. "Wolfine" is the story of two old playmates who, when one is a man and the other a girl of fifteen, go through the ceremony of marriage as part of a merry making. To the horror of all concerned, it is discovered

that the mock ceremony constituted in reality a civil marriage. Voluntary separation follows, and brings with it years of misunderstanding and suffering. Strangely enough the author lets the reader into every secret in advance and the unravelling of the plot comes as a surprise only to those concerned in it. The villain of the story is beyond all measure villainous, and no one can regret the grudge with which the wolf hound, who gives the book its title, pursues him to his death. Although the book is not pre-eminently about Wolfine, she is perhaps its most likeable character, and is a noble enough heroine for any tale. Sturgis & Walton.

"Miranda," by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, is a story of the days of Clay and Webster, of dauntless Marcus Whitman and his achievements, and of the building of Oregon. It is a story to make an American proud of those who broke the wilderness paths for him, both the missionaries of apostolic zeal, and the pioneers who, if not always wise, shrank from no hardship. Miranda herself is a dreamer of dreams whose fancy and imagination find outlets in exquisite house-keeping, and whose pride manifests itself in always doing her best. Unsuspected by her little world she cherishes a secret passion, but she has no illusions as to its vanity. She is more than the peer of the other women in the book and each in her own way feels it and rejoices when her dreams come true. As an historical novel the book is excellent. E. A. Henry, N. A., gives the book five illustrations in which the costumes of the time are reflected minutely and faithfully. "Miranda" is equally well suited to readers of all ages, and should not be neglected by the Public Librarians. J. B. Lippincott Company.